

# The Nation.

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## The Week.

ON Monday the Fortieth Congress entered upon its third session, with 48 Senators in their places and 164 Representatives, all the States being represented except Virginia, Mississippi, Texas, and Arkansas. In the Senate Mr. Sumner brought in a bill which has for its object the bestowal, by act of Congress, of the right of suffrage upon all male citizens of the United States who are more than twenty-one years old. "It is plain," Mr. Sumner says, "that inequality of rights is inconsistent with a republican form of government;" but Congress is empowered and enjoined to see that the States have governments republican in form; therefore Congress must give the right to vote to everybody old enough and of the right sex. Where he got his definition of "republican" Mr. Sumner did not inform the Senate, which ordered the bill laid on the table and printed. Senators Cragin and Pomeroy want to do the same thing, but propose to do it by amendment to the Constitution, as undoubtedly it will have to be done, if done at all. Mr. Sumner also offered a bill which looks toward the resumption of specie payments at once, that is to say, on the 4th of next July! Senator Yates and Senator Frelinghuysen each had a bill to regulate proceedings in the naturalization of aliens. How Mr. Yates's scheme is better than the method now in vogue nobody can see; Mr. Frelinghuysen's looks far more promising, as it puts the business into the hands of the United States judges; that we are going to have some kind of a general enactment on the subject seems to be perfectly certain.

The only other business of importance done by the Senate was its disposal of Mr. Hill's case. He claims to be a Senator from Georgia, and his credentials were presented on Monday by Mr. Sherman. Senator Drake objected to their reception; Mr. Hill, he said, had been elected by a Legislature which afterwards expelled all the colored members; what he wished to know was, whether Congressional authority over a lately rebellious State is at an end as soon as the State is reconstructed? Without discussing this question—which goes pretty deep—Mr. Sherman argued that inasmuch as Mr. Hill was elected by the Legislature before there had been any expulsions, he ought to be admitted. Mr. Thayer took the sensible ground that both before and after the expulsion of the colored members the Legislature contained a certain number of men who are by act of Congress disabled from acting as legislators, or even voting. In the course of the proceedings a letter was read to the Senate, written by Governor Bullock and addressed to Congress. It will be remembered that there has been something like a quarrel between the Governor and General Meade ever since the latter declined to purge the Georgia Assembly, and this letter gives some indications of the trouble between them. Both seemed to have been, from different points of view, perfectly right in the matter; though legality appears to have troubled the general more than was well.

In the House it was very noticeable that when Mr. Schenck offered his resolution respecting the naturalization of foreigners, not one Republican voted against referring it to the proper committee, while every Democrat voted with Fernando Wood in favor of laying it on the table. Mr. Broomall had a similar measure in hand, which also was referred. Mr. Archer introduced a resolution to give Mr. Johnson \$50,000 in payment of his expenses at the impeachment trial—a proposition that will undoubtedly make Mr. Wendell Phillips nearly speechless. Mr. Broomall, Mr. Stokes, and Mr. Kelley, all had ready an amendment to the Constitution providing for universal suffrage without distinction of color in all the States of the Union. Mr. Menard, by the way, the first colored man to claim a seat in Congress, was present on Monday, but his chance of getting his seat appears to be slight. To admit him is to admit that the late election in Louisiana was a valid one, and that the four Democrats then elected were really the choice of the people, and this not many people feel inclined to do. Mr. Dawes offered a resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to report whether or not more legislation is needed in order that persons in the pay of Government may receive ten hours' wages for eight hours' work. Mr. Morrell expressed very well the popular feeling in regard to Mr. Reverdy Johnson by offering a resolution censuring that minister and requesting his instant recall. Mr. Banks got it referred to his Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Freedmen's Bureau is to be continued for another year in Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas. Mr. Schofield wants Georgia put once more into the hands of the Reconstruction Committee, and is not unlikely to see his wishes measurably gratified.

Secretary McCulloch's report—the most important of all the annual reports—has appeared. He argues strongly against an irredeemable paper currency, making the usual points, and recommends that the greenbacks should cease to be legal tenders after January 1, 1870, on any subsequently made contracts, and after January 1, 1871, for any purpose whatever; and that he be authorized to issue a new loan of \$500,000,000, at not over five per cent. interest, to be employed in meeting in specie the various engagements of the Government. He refers to the approaching decision of the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of legal tenders, and quotes Webster in support of the suggestion that the court will probably pronounce them unconstitutional. He thinks the quantity of American securities held abroad stimulates the importation of luxuries, which he considers ruinously excessive, but fails to supply any good reason for believing that people who import luxuries, on the whole import more than they can afford to pay for. He recommends that the annual outlay of the Government be reduced to \$300,000,000; that the tariff be made simply a revenue tariff; that Mr. Jenckes's Civil Service bill be passed as an essential part of all revenue reform; that Congress help the public credit, preparatory to a new loan, by explicitly declaring the five-twenty bonds payable in coin; that the taxes on sales be made uniform on all classes of dealers. He says the public debt between November 1, 1867, and November 1, 1868, was increased by \$35,625,102, owing to Pacific Railroad advances, the Alaska purchase, payment of bounties, and accrued interest on compound interest notes. Had the money not gone in this way, the receipts would have exceeded the expenditures by \$33,787,912. But the debt due on November 1, 1868, he says, is less than the debt due at the close of the war by \$470,256,062. He is especially severe on the Butlerites for their attacks on the public credit, and intimates pretty strongly that in his opinion the fulfilment of the pecuniary obligations of the nation is "the main question."

The President, with unusual reticence, kept his message pretty much to himself until the meeting of Congress; and as we go to press

nothing but a synopsis of it has appeared in the public prints. Doubtless it is like most Presidents' messages, of no special interest or importance. Everybody was aware that this Government has disapproved some part of Mr. Reverdy Johnson's *Alabama* arrangements; that there is, as yet, an absence of official details concerning the Lopez-Washburne affair; that the Government has failed, so far, in its negotiations for purchasing the Bay of Samana; that official facts show enormous frauds in the revenue service; that fears are entertained of a largely increased military expenditure on the Plains, etc. It is not very novel either to hear from Mr. Johnson that the South is in a deplorable condition—so many of her States being kept under military rule; so many inalienable Constitutional privileges being withheld from her citizens; so many alienable privileges being conferred upon an inferior race; so many of her inhabitants being disfranchised. It is not new either to learn that the President is in favor of a gradual contraction of the paper currency, and a return as speedily as may be to specie payments.

The farce known as the trial of Jefferson Davis has reached a new stage during the past week. To a proper understanding of the performance, it is as well to remember that it has been known from the beginning that his conviction in the district in which he must be tried—that is, the district in which his acts of treason were committed—was not possible, without packing a jury, or, in other words, without so conducting the trial that it would have no moral weight. But nobody seems to have had the courage to look this fact in the face, and either push the affair to a conclusion or drop it. Accordingly it has been used as "a little game" to fill up the vacant hours of the bench and bar, Horace Greeley and his brother bondsmen opening it by a magnanimous bailing of the prisoner, including a grand "reconciliation tableau," in which Mr. Greeley shook hands with the culprit, just as Reverdy Johnson shook hands with Roebuck and Laird. Then there came a variety of minor tricks, in the shape of "motions" by distinguished counsel, every one of which was supposed by the innocent public to be paving the way for the great crisis. During the past week we have had a motion, which certainly indicates the near approach of the end, to quash the indictment, on the ground that the fourteenth constitutional amendment, in prescribing the disfranchisement of all persons who, having held offices under the United States Government, shall have committed treason against it, does away with all other punishment or pursuit. Chief-Justice Chase held the point well taken; but Judge Underwood, who sat with him, dissented, so it goes up on appeal to the Supreme Court. That a difference of opinion on a point of law between the Chief-Justice and Judge Underwood should form the groundwork of the appeal, gives the finishing touch to the affair. Judge Underwood is a perfectly honest man, but he draws his law, like the original impeachers, in all political cases, from the recesses of a loyal and generous heart; and if he were to sit on Davis's trial a hint from a prayer-meeting would probably not come amiss or be disregarded. We think this is a fair deduction from his charge to the grand jury two years ago.

An agitation has been going on in this city during the greater part of last week—including public meetings, speeches, and resolutions—the conductors being ladies prominent in the woman's rights movement, to secure a pardon for a young English girl, named Hester Vaughn, lying under sentence of death in Philadelphia for infanticide. The Philadelphians kept very quiet, so that our orators had things all their own way. The case was worked up till it began to wear the appearance of the utmost barbarity—reflecting the greatest discredit, first on modern civilization; next on the male sex; next on Pennsylvania law; next on the governor of the State; and next on the Philadelphian public; finally, the girl's counsel was accused of pocketing her money and then professionally betraying and deserting her. The requisite amount of speaking having been done, and the bearing of the case on woman's rights having been fully pointed out, a deputation of ladies started for Harrisburg to see the governor, with a petition. It then came out that there was hardly a single fact connected with the trial which had not been misrepresented or distorted at the meetings; that the orators had kept themselves in such blissful

ignorance that they did not know till they got to Harrisburg that thousands of persons in Pennsylvania had done in the matter what charity required of them, and that the governor had not the least intention of sending the girl to execution; that nearly all the picturesque parts of the New York narrative were pure fiction; and that by the testimony of the judges who tried the case, and of lawyers who witnessed the trial, the prisoner's counsel had defended her to the last with zeal, skill, and ability. Now, there is one thing which the ladies owe it to modern civilization, the male and female sexes, and the cause of charity and the cause of morality and of woman's rights, to do—and that is to call another meeting, with Mr. Greeley in the chair, and then and there pass resolutions, with appropriate speeches, apologizing to Hester Vaughn's counsel for the attack on his character, expressing sincere regret for it, and pledging themselves individually and collectively to be more careful in future.

We recommend this all the more earnestly because the loss of reformatory power caused by the growing tendencies of reformers to use reckless attacks on private character as one of their favorite weapons is enormous. The custom of imputing the greatest personal baseness to all persons who happen to differ from them in opinion, or who for any reason seem to stand in the way of "a cause," is rapidly depriving, if it has not already deprived, that class of persons who do most of the preaching against abuses of all weight or influence. Of the generally demoralizing effect on the community of the display of unscrupulousness by such persons we have often spoken. Its practical, palpable evils may be seen every day. For instance, when a great body of well-meaning people wildly accuse men like Fessenden and Trumbull of having sold themselves in their judicial capacity to the "Whiskey Ring," and accuse Chief-Justice Chase of having invited senators to dinner at his house for the purpose of inducing them to give a corrupt verdict, of course the *really* corrupt judges—of whom we have already some, and whose number is increasing—who *do* sell their judgments in private causes for cash down, can afford to laugh at the denunciations of reformers, and they *do* laugh. If, too, a number of women who occupy themselves incessantly with the work of reform in the press and on the platform wildly and recklessly accuse a lawyer like Hester Vaughn's counsel, who has done his work well, of the last degree of personal and professional iniquity, and, when the falsehood of the charge is exposed, take no more notice of it than if they had only made a slight error in a date or in the name of a place, of course that large band of legal scoundrels who cheat the friendless—who, for instance, make a trade of getting fraudulent divorcees, of which women are almost invariably the victims—will bid defiance to the exposures of women's rights agitators and all other kinds of agitators. In fact, there is nothing more admirable in the moral order of the world than the inefficiency of falsehood, on the whole and in the long run. What is gained by it this year or in this place, is sure to be lost next year and in some other place. The liar, no matter what the cause he serves, holds only the ground he camps on. The great and permanent conquests for justice and humanity are made by truth only.

There appears to be a good deal of opposition in Michigan and elsewhere to the re-election of Senator Chandler, whose term expires next year. It is based on objections to his personal character. Of the nature of these objections some idea may be formed from the allusions to the "wine-cup" which accompany them, and which are not always either delicate or distant. Moreover, the admiration of him as a legislator seems to be neither general nor deep. He defends himself, however, and his friends defend him, on the broad Butlerite ground of "soundness on the main question," which his adversaries—and amongst them appears the *Hartford Post*, General Hawley's paper—declare to be no longer sufficient, its saving grace having been exhausted in General Butler's case. He has, however, one other entrenchment to retreat upon, viz., the "hatred of the Copperheads." Do "the Copperheads hate him for his course during the rebellion?" If they do, why ask any more questions? We venture to suggest for his consideration also the suspicious circumstance that this opposition to him springs up not



many months after his noble defence in the Senate of our naturalized citizens now or lately immured in British dungeons, by the introduction of his great bill directing the President to lock up one British subject sojourning in the United States for every naturalized American restrained of his liberty in British dominions. Now, we do not say that British gold is at the bottom of the present opposition to him, but we do say that it is very odd that the opposition to him should appear so soon after the introduction of the measure above mentioned. Should he be defeated, one War Horse more will have disappeared from the stud which, three short years ago, made the Republican party the dread and envy of the world, and filled the land with neighings, snortings, and kickings for the rights of man.

General Butler, after a short period of what the French call *recueillement*, a word for which there is no precise equivalent in English, has reappeared in public, and made a short speech to some colored Zouaves who serenaded him in Washington, promising them a very bright future for their race, in which equal rights, equal burdens, and equal powers are to form the principal blessings. He sketched in glowing terms the industrial future of the South, and hinted that the material prosperity of the negroes would not begin till they had been put in possession of farms, which they had indeed paid for, but which other people had been compelled to sell them. The best way of getting at this result, however, because the way least likely to create bad blood, is to tax uncultivated land so heavily as to make it unprofitable to hold it; and then let negroes and white men take their chance of getting it in the market on equal terms. To force men to sell to negroes directly, or to any determinate class, would be a modified but very offensive form of confiscation. General Butler's statement, that the great subdivision of the soil in France was the only permanent result of the Revolution, has, as we pointed out when Wendell Phillips made it, no foundation. De Tocqueville disposed of this delusion ten years ago in his "*Ancien Régime*," a book which it would do no orator any harm to read. The subdivision of the soil in France came about before the Revolution in the ordinary way, by the sale of estates of impoverished nobles. The Revolution produced hardly any perceptible effect on the number of farms.

The authorities in South Carolina seem to have singular notions as to how to strengthen the credit of their State, if we may judge by the following passage of the governor's message:

"I recommend to the Legislature that some early action be taken to prevent the courts and officers of the Bank of the State from wasting and misapplying its assets to the payment of costs of courts, attorneys' fees, and the salaries of officers and agents. If the holders of the Fire Loan Bonds are determined to pursue the policy of disparaging the credit and resources of the State, when it must be apparent to them that no State of the Union is more solvent, or has a fairer prospect of promptly meeting all her liabilities, they should be compelled to carry on this litigation at their own expense. I have reason to believe that not less than sixty thousand dollars in gold has been squandered and made away with for salaries of officers and agents who are performing no necessary duties, fees of attorneys who are employed for the purpose of bringing the credit of the State into disrepute, and for other objects of equally questionable propriety. The holders of the Fire Loan Bonds should be placed on the same footing as other creditors of the State, and they should be held accountable for all damages the State has sustained, or may sustain, by their unwarrantable litigation."

One is surprised, after reading this fulmination, to learn from the statement of Mr. Hayne, the counsel of the party attacked, that the State is a debtor in default with its debt past due; that the Fire Loan Bondholders are creditors entitled to certain collaterals pledged by the State when the contract was made in 1838; that in 1865 the Legislature—the Bank being insolvent—confirmed the pledges of 1838, and appropriated the assets of the Bank of the State of South Carolina to the holders of the bonds, and, finally, that all the litigation that has ensued grew out of a suit instituted by the *billholders* of the Bank, brought in 1867, seeking to set aside the act of the Legislature in favor of the bondholders, and claiming for themselves these assets which the bondholders of the Bank simply *defend*, and that it has cost little over \$30,000, instead of \$60,000. In 1868 the Legislature passed an act disregarding the act of 1838, and repealing that of 1865, and requiring the governor to seize the whole assets of the Bank, then a deposit in equity,

and to place the funds in the State Treasury. In the same act, satisfactory provision was made for the billholders who began the litigation, and none for the bondholders who are defendants.

It does seem rather hard, on these facts, that people who advanced their money thirty years ago to help rebuild the city of Charleston should be threatened with being made accountable for "all damages the State has sustained by their unwarrantable litigation." We do not pretend to go into the merits of the case, but suggest that these merits be left to the courts, and that common prudence would suggest that distant bondholders, waiting for their money, long past due, at a time too when the governor tells them that "no State in the Union is more solvent," should be made to feel that every facility is afforded them by the State to defend rights which they at least believe to be undoubted. South Carolina cannot afford, either as a matter of money or of character, to damage its opening career of prosperity by any other course. The fact is, too, that the holders of the bank-bills, for whose benefit this extraordinary interference with the action of the courts is talked of, have bought them up for about eight cents on the dollar, and, we fear, are adding another to the number of "rings" by which the country is now infested.

The bar is taking a more active part than usual in the agitation now raging in Paris. In the trials of the editors for their participation in the "*affaire Baudin*" the speeches of the counsel have been exceedingly bold, and have handled the origin of the dynasty in a way that horrified the court and delighted the audience. Many of the leaders, including Messrs. Crémieux, Marie, and Jules Favre, have given formal opinions maintaining the legality of the demonstration in honor of Baudin's memory. To deny it, they say, would be to sanction the doctrine that in France resistance to law is "sacred and holy," if it should happen to be successful. No "plebiscite" taken subsequently could make Baudin's armed resistance to the *coup d'état* other than lawful and honorable. There has been a report of a widespread conspiracy for the overthrow of the Government, spread, if not invented, by the *Gaulois*, a new paper in the confidence of the Government; but, owing to some misunderstanding, probably, on the part of the police, the story was no sooner set agoing than the publishers were threatened with a prosecution. It was, perhaps, at first thought desirable to have a conspiracy to justify the fuss made about Baudin, and afterwards it was thought undesirable to seem afraid. The Emperor's unquestionably declining health, as well as advancing years, increases the prevailing anxiety, and a telegram announcing his death found its way over the Atlantic on Saturday, but was speedily contradicted; but on the same day there was almost a panic in London, owing to reports of street-fighting in Paris.

Von Beust, the Imperial Chancellor of Austria, like Von Bismarck, the Chancellor of the North German Confederation, has been made a count. The Prussian statesman has founded an empire, the adviser of Francis Joseph has perhaps saved one. The Hapsburg has indeed every reason to be satisfied with the work achieved by Von Beust on the basis prepared by Deák. The machinery of the dualistic—Hungarian and non-Hungarian—empire works, on both sides of the Leitha, as smoothly as possible—in the year III. after chaos. The new army bill, which secures a total of eight hundred thousand men in time of war, has passed both the Vienna Reichsrath and the Diet of Pesth. The united delegations of the two assemblies have voted the budget for 1869. The difficulties between Hungary proper and Croatia have been adjusted: the Croatian representatives have occupied their seats in the Hungarian Assembly, and a mixed commission is soon to remove the last point in dispute, that concerning the city of Fiume, on the Adriatic, which is claimed by both parties. The work of liberal reform proceeds in both halves of the empire. Friendly relations have been maintained with the German States, entangling alliances avoided, and the machinations of Russia, both in Galicia and on the Lower Danube, checked by a firm attitude. The Cechic agitation proves powerless. In a word, the reconstruction of Austria might be called a perfect success, and Count Beust could look Count Bismarck boldly in the face, if he had what his rival has, a sound currency.

## THE RETURN TO SPECIE PAYMENTS.

THE present session of Congress is likely to become memorable for its attempts to legislate the country back to specie payments. The leading features of the principal plans about to be proposed have for some weeks past been fully and ably discussed by the public press throughout the country, and have at the same time elicited the usual number of crude, silly, and impracticable suggestions, which pert ignorance is on such occasions only too ready to pour forth, and editorial good-nature too ready to print. While the discussion has been useful in proving the earnest desire of the people to return to a sound currency, it has not, so far, accomplished much in pointing out the way.

What is the meaning of "specie payments?" Simple as the question may seem, yet, ask twenty different persons, and you will get twenty different answers. Specie payment means—the redemption in gold of a promise to pay gold, the redemption in specie of a promise to pay specie. There must first be a *promise* to pay specie before there can be a specie payment in any sense applicable to national finance. Specie payments prevail in those countries in which everybody's promise to pay specie on demand is habitually redeemed in specie, or at least can be redeemed in specie if demanded. Specie payments prevailed in the United States previous to 1857. The banks throughout the country had issued a great many "promises to pay specie on demand," and had always redeemed them promptly when required. Almost the entire currency of the country consisted of these bank-notes, or bank promises to pay specie on demand, and as they were everywhere promptly redeemed in specie, they were everywhere considered equal to specie, and "specie payments" prevailed throughout the country. But in 1857 a great financial disturbance occurred. The foreign trade of the country required an unusually large export of specie at the very time when the unsettled condition of the domestic trade was calling for a large employment of specie at home. This double demand for coin exhausted the supply in the banks; they had not coin enough to redeem all the promises to pay coin which were presented to them for redemption. They stopped redeeming their promises in specie; in other words, they, the banks, *suspended specie payments*. Specie payment means the redemption in specie of a promise to pay specie. Suspension of specie payments means the temporary failure to redeem in specie a promise to pay specie. In October, 1857, the banks suspended specie payments; all through the winter of 1857 and spring of 1858 they continued unable to redeem their promises, and specie payments continued suspended. The obligation of the banks to redeem their notes in specie was an absolute legal obligation, and their failure to comply with it was virtually an act of bankruptcy; but the public, which held in its hands the unredeemed promises of the banks, by tacit consent agreed to wait. In the summer of 1858, first the banks of New York city, and soon after those of Philadelphia, notified the holders of their promises that they were prepared to redeem in specie all their suspended promises to pay specie, and soon after specie payments were resumed throughout the United States. In other words, the banks which had temporarily suspended the redemption in specie of their promises to pay specie now resumed that redemption.

The financial history of England, during the Napoleonic wars, furnishes another and far more memorable example of the suspension of specie payments. The Bank of England had issued a great many promises to pay specie, and had always promptly redeemed them; but the export of coin to subsidize the Continental coalition against France had so much reduced the supply in the country that in 1797 the Bank became unable to redeem its promises any longer, and suspended specie payments. The suspension of the Bank of England was as much an act of bankruptcy as the suspension of the banks of New York; but as it was deemed that great injury would result to the whole country if the Bank were declared bankrupt, the suspension was legalized by an act of Parliament, the Bank was temporarily relieved from the legal obligation to redeem its notes in specie, and thus specie payments in England remained suspended at the pleasure of Parliament, and the bank-notes issued by the Bank of England remained unredeemed in the hands of the people. The Bank was under the obligation to re-

deem its notes in specie; Parliament had temporarily suspended, not removed, the obligation; and when the danger of great national injury was supposed to have passed, Parliament again enforced the obligation. In 1819, the Bank was notified that in 1823 it must be prepared to comply with its legal obligation to redeem in specie its outstanding promises to pay specie, and in 1823, or in reality some time previous, the Bank of England did, after twenty-five years of suspension, again resume specie payments.

These two notable instances of suspension and resumption appear to be in everybody's mind while discussing our present financial condition. They are daily quoted as examples *pro* and *con.*, and especially does the mandatory act of Parliament, with its magnificent simplicity, exercise a fascination over many of our financial authorities that entirely prevents them from discerning the difference between the English suspension and our own. We have seen how our banks suspended specie payments in 1857 and resumed in 1858. In 1860 another great financial disturbance took place. The banks again became unable to redeem in specie their promises to pay specie. For some time their unredeemed promises continued in the hands of the holders, the public; specie payments continued suspended. But these unredeemed promises of the banks to pay specie did *not* continue long in the hands of the public. They were not, it is true, redeemed in specie, *but they were redeemed*. Everybody remembers how Congress passed the Legal Tender Act, which made greenbacks a legal tender for every form of debt, and which enabled the banks to gradually withdraw and cancel their notes whenever they came into their possession. The banks, like everybody else, took advantage of the Legal Tender Act, and redeemed their promises to pay specie with greenbacks; and so successful were they in getting possession of their notes, that there are now only a very limited amount of them in existence; and, for all practical purposes, it is safe to assert that all promises to pay specie issued in the United States previous to 1861 have been redeemed. Not only have the promises to pay specie been redeemed and destroyed, but the very banks which issued them first and redeemed them afterwards have disappeared, leaving no trace. Not only are there no promises to redeem, and no one to ask their redemption, but there is nobody to redeem them if there were any. The bank-note currency of the United States prior to 1861 was redeemable in specie. *It has all been redeemed*. There is no currency now in the United States which *is* redeemable in specie. No bank or other authorized institution has issued any promises to pay specie since 1861. Upon whom, then, is Congress to call to resume the suspended specie payments?

Without a clear understanding of the nature of our financial disease, it is evidently impossible to devise a remedy. If we once divest ourselves of the idea that ours is an ordinary case of suspension, we shall see the uselessness of applying the remedies that in a case of suspension would be suitable. If the country were flooded with bank-notes issued by responsible institutions, and these bank-notes were promises to pay specie, and their redemption were temporarily suspended, we might with perfect propriety follow the example of the English Parliament. Congress need only say to the defaulting or suspended banks: For reasons of urgent public necessity the obligation to redeem your promises in specie was temporarily suspended; the urgency has passed; you may have six or twelve months to put your house in order and prepare yourselves for resumption, but after that time the obligation to redeem your promises in specie will be again enforced. If ours were an ordinary case of suspension, the course would be simple. But our case is a totally different one. We have no unredeemed promises to pay specie in existence. No existing bank or other authorized institution has issued any promises to pay specie; no existing bank or other institution of any kind has failed to redeem its promises to pay specie. There is virtually no suspension of specie payments in the United States to-day.

The financial evil under which the country is now laboring, the legal-tender currency or greenbacks, is a far worse evil than suspension, and far more difficult to deal with. These greenbacks are nothing more nor less than a part of the national debt, precisely the same as the five-twenty and ten-forty bond. They were given out by the



Treasury in payment of goods or services bought of the people, just as the seven-thirties and compound-interest notes (which were afterwards converted into bonds) were given out for the same purpose. They represent part of the sum borrowed of the people by the Government. For one part of the sum thus borrowed bonds were given in acknowledgment, stating when they would be paid and what interest they should bear until paid. For another part of the sum thus borrowed greenbacks were given in acknowledgment, not stating when they would be paid, positively declaring (by the law under which they were issued) that no one could demand their redemption in specie, and bearing no interest, but in compensation possessing the capacity of paying debts—in other words, being declared legal-tender currency. Of this form of United States debt, bearing no interest, payable at no time, redeemable in nothing, and receivable for all debts, there are about three hundred and ninety millions in existence, three hundred and sixty millions in notes of one dollar and more, and thirty millions in fractional currency. This irredeemable currency is universally acknowledged to be a curse, and it is the all but unanimous wish of the people of the United States that it should as speedily as possible be made redeemable in specie. The question, therefore, before the country and Congress is, How can that portion of the United States debt which is now an irredeemable legal-tender currency be made redeemable in specie? Many wiseacres believe that a simple declaration of Congress, "that, on or after July 4, 1869, or some other date, the Treasury will redeem all greenbacks in specie," would at once, or gradually, but certainly by the time fixed in advance, make all greenbacks virtually redeemable in specie, and restore to the country a healthy redeemable specie currency. Nobody who is in the habit of "thinking things out" can have fallen into this delusion. If the Treasury redeem greenbacks in specie, it must either cancel the greenbacks so redeemed or reissue them.

The income of the Treasury consists of coin and greenbacks. If its expenditures are just equal to its receipts, it will be obliged to pay out every dollar of coin or greenbacks received, in order to meet its expenditures. If it exchange any part of its coin receipts for greenbacks—in other words, if it use any part of its coin receipts to redeem greenbacks—it will still be obliged to pay out every dollar of coin or greenbacks to meet its expenditures. If it use any part of its coin receipts to redeem greenbacks, it must almost immediately reissue the greenbacks so redeemed, or it must fall short of funds to meet its expenses. It cannot redeem greenbacks without reissuing them, unless its receipts are larger than its expenses. If it redeem greenbacks without reissuing them—in other words, if it cancel them—it is paying off a portion of its debt. It cannot possibly pay off any portion of the debt except out of its surplus revenues. What the surplus revenues of the coming year may be, we do not know. The surplus revenues of the past year, we see from newspaper reports, are estimated by Mr. McCulloch at thirty-five millions. We know, however, that the total debt of the country, according to the official debt statements, was thirty-six millions *larger* on November 1, 1868, than on the same date of 1867, which shows an incontrovertible *deficit* of thirty-six millions. The receipts of the Government during the year were thirty-six millions less than its expenditures. It had to borrow that sum to meet its expenses. Let us hope that next year may show a very different result. But for aught we can tell there may be a deficit next year, as large as, or larger than, this year's. Now, with a last year's deficit of thirty-six millions and a next year's probable deficit, what surplus of revenue are we likely to have to be applied to the redemption and cancellation of greenbacks? It is evident that any greenbacks that may be redeemed next year will have to be immediately reissued, unless we have some other means of redemption besides surplus revenue.

Those who advocate the plan of immediate resumption by the mere mandate of Congress, tell us that it is not necessary to wait for surplus revenue in order to redeem greenbacks; we have, they say, a large cash balance on hand which is totally useless, and which could with propriety be used for the purpose. This objection readily suggests the enquiry, Why is not this large cash balance applied wholly, as it was in part, to meeting the last year's deficit? Why did we borrow fresh sums at interest, sell more bonds, if we had a large cash bal-

ance on hand to be applied to the purpose? The fact is—and this statement will perhaps surprise some of our over-sanguine financiers—that the much-talked-of large cash balance is a myth. No such thing exists. The debt statement of November 1, 1868, shows a nominal cash balance of one hundred and fourteen millions. On that day the Treasury owed for coin interest actually due about twenty-seven millions, for over-due debt not presented for payment nearly ten millions, for coin certificates nearly twenty millions more, and for three-per-cent. loan certificates, virtually payable on demand, fifty-eight additional millions,—in all no less than one hundred and fifteen millions of actually due debt or debt liable to be called for at a moment's notice. This cash balance, that so many eager legislators wish to see employed in redeeming greenbacks, is actually less in amount than what the Treasury may almost any moment be called upon to pay out in cash. It must be evident to everybody not utterly wanting in prudence that it would be totally impossible to employ any portion of this so-called "cash balance" in redeeming greenbacks, unless with the distinct understanding that they could and would be immediately reissued.

We have seen that it is impossible to redeem *and cancel* greenbacks except out of surplus revenue. We know that last year we not only had no surplus revenue, but an actual deficit of thirty-six millions. We know that, so far as this fiscal year has progressed, there is nothing to warrant the hope of a different result at its close. We may, therefore, safely abandon the anticipation of being able to redeem many greenbacks and cancel them out of surplus revenue. The advocates of immediate resumption claim that the cash balance in the Treasury can be employed in redemption. We have shown that there is really no such cash balance, and that of the nominal cash balance no portion could be safely employed in redeeming greenbacks for the purpose of cancelling them. If, therefore, the Treasury redeem any greenbacks at all, it can only do so if it does not cancel but immediately reissues them. How many greenbacks can the Treasury redeem, supposing it does not cancel any? On the 1st of November last, the Treasury had on hand one hundred and three millions in coin. Of these nearly eighteen millions belonged to depositors, about twenty-seven millions were that day due for interest on bonds, and about twenty-five millions were set aside for accrued interest on the debt, which must be paid out of the coin then on hand; in all, nearly seventy-two millions which could not be touched for any purpose whatsoever without impairing the Secretary's ability to redeem the most urgent and most sacred of all the Government obligations—the coin interest on the public debt. This would leave about thirty-one millions of coin in the Treasury to be applied to purposes of redemption, and there is no reason for believing that this balance would at any time within the coming year be materially larger. The largest amount with which the redemption experiment could, therefore, be tried would not exceed thirty-one millions. Does any thinking person seriously believe that the mere declaration of Congress, that after a given date the Treasury would commence redeeming greenbacks, would inspire such confidence as to prevent people from presenting their greenbacks for redemption, especially when it is known that of three hundred and ninety millions of greenbacks outstanding not more than thirty millions could possibly be redeemed, and that even these thirty millions would have to be immediately reissued to meet the current expenses of the Government? It is contrary to all experience of human nature to suppose so.

It is plausibly argued that no one has the greenbacks to present for redemption. But what has been the experience of the past? In one week in May, 1866, foreign houses bought of the Treasury twenty-five millions of gold, and paid for them in greenbacks, although the Treasury demanded and received a premium of thirty per cent. on the gold sold; whereas it is now proposed to sell or exchange the gold *at par*. Would not the same foreign houses be ready to do the same thing over again? It is replied, that then there was a large demand for coin for export consequent upon a decline in bonds abroad during a sudden war, whereas now any attempt to return to specie payments would rapidly advance the value of our bonds abroad, and prevent their importation and the consequent export of coin. The argument is totally

fallacious. Experience shows that the market price of our bonds abroad only very slowly follows the decline in gold here, and that gold has never fallen very rapidly here without causing considerable amounts of bonds to be returned. There is no good reason for supposing that any sudden decline in the gold premium now, consequent upon any Congressional attempt to return suddenly to specie payments, would have any other result than to compel the foreign houses to come into the market as buyers, and drain the country of a larger amount of gold than the Treasury could employ for purposes of redemption.

Again, it is said that the national banks, which are supposed to be the largest holders of greenbacks, could be by some legislative proviso restrained from presenting them. But such legislation would be unjust and injurious, as well as useless, for of the three hundred and ninety millions of greenbacks in circulation the banks of the whole country, according to their last reports, held only ninety-two millions, leaving three hundred millions in the hands and pockets of the people. That the people are able and willing to take and hold the gold, if there is any incentive to do so, is well illustrated by the fact that in 1861 nearly seventy millions of gold are proved to have been placed in hoards by the people of this country, in addition to the sums already in circulation at the time of Lincoln's election. When it is known that there are three hundred and ninety millions to be redeemed, and only thirty-one millions to redeem them with, and that after the first redemption there cannot possibly be any further redemptions for a long time to come, then everybody will want a share of the thirty-one millions, one hundred millions at least will be presented for redemption, suspension will ensue before redemption has fairly begun, and permanent resumption will be further off than ever.

The return to specie payments is not to be exhaustively treated in a newspaper article, but enough has, we think, been said to show that, in the present condition of the Treasury, any attempt to return to specie payments in the manner proposed can only result in irremediable confusion and ultimate disaster.

#### ENGLISH DEMOCRACY AT THE POLLS.

THE additional news as to the result of the elections in England brings to light some features in the democratic movement there which have taken both its friends and its enemies by surprise. The new voters have acted in a way that has disappointed everybody. They have shown at the polls no dissatisfaction whatever with the class of men who now do the work of legislation. The new House of Commons will be composed of almost exactly the same kind of men as the last one—that is, of peers and relatives of peers, great landed proprietors, wealthy merchants and lawyers, with a very small sprinkling (so small as hardly to be worth notice) of literary men and professors. The election has, on the whole, been disastrous to the leading out-door agitators in the Reform movement. Mr. Beales, its head and front, has been defeated. Mr. Bradlaugh, another of its great lights, has also been defeated, though his misfortunes are doubtless in great part due to his being a ranting, roaring atheist. In fact, not one of the men who have made themselves prominent in it have found their services of the slightest assistance in procuring them elections as legislators. There appears, in fact, little reason to doubt that the strikingly conservative temper of Englishmen of all grades has led the working-men—without, probably, ever having given any thought to the matter—to doubt the capacity for the practical work of government of some whom they listen to with great satisfaction as orators at public meetings. At the same time, a good deal of allowance must be made for the hearty hostility felt towards the Bealeses and Bradlaughs by men of the upper and middle classes.

A still more singular result of the election is, however, the defeat of all "working-men candidates;" that is, of candidates taken from the workshops and put forward because it was supposed they would be better fitted to represent the opinions and feelings of their own class than men of a higher social position. There are already men in the House of Commons, such as Mr. Tom Hughes and Professor Fawcett, who really do consider themselves, in an especial manner, working-class representatives, and do conscientiously endeavor to understand

working-class interests and give expression to working-class feelings. But then a great many Liberals have felt that these gentlemen were, after all, very ill-fitted for their position. Both the House of Commons and the country get, it has been said, a very imperfect idea from them of the kind of person the working-man really is, of his wants, aspirations, or prejudices. They are both, as well as the *Spectator*—the paper which comes nearest to bearing the character of their organ—given to taking sentimental views of things; and the working-man they represent in Parliament is rather a working-man of the mind than the working-man of the foundries and factories and trades unions. For some years back the working-man has, through that process of magnification which is witnessed in all agitations undertaken on behalf of an oppressed class, been made out by his champions to be as much better than he really is as his enemies used to make him out worse, until in the minds of many of the former he seems to offer material for an aristocracy of virtue and wisdom. Something similar was witnessed in Paris in 1848, when the National Assembly was entertained every day with the spectacle of members, who a year or two previously would have blushed to own a working-class origin, laboriously proclaiming that they had themselves been at one time toilers with their hands. The debates were disturbed by contentions between members as to the reality of their pretensions to the character of "working-men;" and one manufacturer, M. Grandin, declared that his reason for claiming the title was, that it seemed to him "to constitute a superiority fully as aristocratic as that constituted in other days by the title of count or marquis." Into these follies, of course, the English Liberals do not run, but then there is not much faith or credit given in or out of Parliament to what Messrs. Fawcett, Hughes, and the like say of working-men's wants—although they, of course, speak with weight and authority as to what working-men ought to want and ought to have.

There has, therefore, been a strong effort made, and principally by those on whom the burden of pleading the working-man's cause in Parliament has hitherto fallen, to secure the election of a few real working-men; and some very good specimens of the class—men whose character and education would have reflected no discredit on it in any assembly; notably Mr. Odger—were selected for the trial of the experiment, and it was believed or hoped that the working-men would subscribe money to pay their expenses while sitting and would support them at the polls. They have, however, been all defeated; no money has been subscribed for their expenses, and no evidence afforded that working-men, as a body, want to be represented in Parliament by members of their own class. The cause of this is doubtless somewhat the same as the cause of the defeat of the Reform agitators—and that is, the belief by which all classes of English society are more or less permeated, that government is an art needing high education and special training. The aristocracy have fought vigorously against this idea, maintaining that government was the hereditary function of a caste, needing high birth, fortune, and leisure, but this is the very point on which they have been beaten. The idea which has triumphed in the Reform movement is that every place in the Government should be open to the competition of every man, but that none but the fittest man should get it. The abolition of test-oaths, of the property qualifications for seats in the House of Commons, the agitation against the purchase system in the army, the institution of competitive examination for appointments in the civil service, are all so many recognitions of it by the popular party. That working-men are influenced by it, there can be little doubt; and all the more strongly because their complete separation hitherto from the work of government, and, in fact, until the foundation of the trades unions, from all work of organization, and from everything included under the term "business," and their familiarity from time immemorial with the monopoly of power by members of the upper classes—that is, of the owners of knowledge and wealth—has impressed them more strongly than the middle classes have ever been impressed with the idea that politics is a "mystery," or at all events a craft requiring close training for its exercise. The sentiment of social equality, as it is found in France, too, has not taken such root in England as to lead them to wish to send a working-man to the House of Commons merely as an assertion of the doctrine that working-men are as good as other people. This may come eventually, but the English are



evidently a long way off from it. At present the new voters seem to regard Parliament as a locomotive, with the driving of which they are content not to meddle so long as they can influence in some degree the direction of the train and the rate of speed and the nature of the freight.

One of the most significant features in the struggle has been Mr. Bright's total abstinence from all share in the purely working-man phase of it. He has played a giant's part in getting him the franchise, but he has held aloof from all attempts to get him into the House of Commons or to make him out fit to legislate; and consequently has fallen somewhat under a cloud—a very faint one, it is true—with the present generation of radical leaders, and is forced to hear faint murmurs of doubt and disapproval, in which his position as a member of the employer class is referred to as having something to do with his lukewarmness. But in reality his present position in this matter is the logical result of his career. Neither he nor Cobden was ever a sentimental radical, or ever relied much on the sentimental side of any grievance, or ever gave any countenance to the idea that the work of government was an easy or simple work, for which anybody who chooses can fit himself in a month. The great struggle of their lives was in fact carried on in opposition to it, and their great victory was the result, in the main, of their perfect mastery of a most difficult problem in political economy and their matchless power of statement. It was with these weapons that they vanquished the landholders. Mr. Bright's success is in reality the triumph of thoroughness, of brain, of mental discipline, of eloquence above all things masculine, logical, thoughtful—if indeed there can be eloquence which is not thoughtful.

Mr. Mill's loss of his seat seems to be viewed with mixed feelings by the Liberal press. Just as Beales's defeat represents the disfavor with which the agitator element is viewed by the new constituencies, and Odger's defeat the disfavor with which the working-men candidates are received, Mr. Mill's seems to indicate not perhaps the decline of the "philosophers" in popular estimation, but the popular distrust of them as "practical men." It is generally agreed, even by those who most value Mr. Mill's influence, that he has for one reason or another not been successful as a legislator. He has proved "too fine a machine" for the rough work of the House of Commons; and the *Economist* speaks with a good deal of feeling of the sadness of the spectacle which was to be witnessed all last session, of one of the most valuable thinkers and writers England has ever produced, sitting bolt upright in his place in the House, hour after hour, as regularly and assiduously as the Speaker, listening to one dull bore and blunderer after another drawing out his fallacies and platitudes; and it asks with great force what compensation does his influence on legislation render for the enforced idleness of that splendid brain during the few years which, in the ordinary course of things, are all that are left for its working. As a debater, he has been singularly subtle and suggestive, but not powerful, and has been on the whole too acute for the House. What has injured him out of doors has been his views on population, which are, in point of fact, those which nine out of ten men hold with regard to every other man's duty, but which, for obvious reasons, nobody likes to have preached to himself, and which, owing to the different shape under which the problem presented itself in ancient times, are apparently hostile to Bible teachings and to the moral traditions of the race; the suspicion about his religious belief, which his resolute refusal to produce it for the inspection of politicians, and his support of persons like Bradlaugh, who make no secret of their atheism, helped to strengthen; and though last, not least, his injudicious attempts to assist constituencies in choosing members, not by speeches, but by letters written from a distance. Where he has been most useful is undoubtedly in the example of moral earnestness which he has offered both to the rising generation of politicians and to the new constituencies. No assembly in which he sat, and no party with which he acted, could help being the purer for his presence. No intriguer or charlatan could sit beside him and not feel uncomfortable. His misfortune has been that he has appeared on the political stage at that transition period in political history in which nations are endeavoring to adapt the system of government by mass-meeting—for Parliament and Con-

gress are nothing else—which has been handed down to us from the Middle Ages, and which managed the business of a scanty population of farmers and soldiers well enough, to the wants of the highly organized, highly complicated, commercial societies of modern times. At such a time the philosopher is wanted almost as much in the forum as in the closet, and yet he can hardly hope to be completely successful in either.

### WOMEN AS POLITICIANS.

WHATEVER may be the result of the enquiry now going on as to the professions for which women are best fitted, there can be little doubt that greater and greater numbers of them will hereafter take part in political discussion, and that once they get the franchise, they will introduce into the political arena a greater or less number of questions as peculiarly "women's questions," and demand for them special legislation or special treatment of some kind at the hands of the State or General Government. We have little doubt, too, they will exercise a much greater influence on male opinion than most of us imagine. No matter how freely the professions may be open to women, a very large proportion of them will not follow any profession, but will live at home at leisure, as they do now; and if they have votes, will give more attention to politics than they have ever done—more, probably, than the great body of their male relatives; and will form opinions which, whether good or bad, they will preach with considerable vigor, and we dare say with considerable effect.

It is, therefore, not a minute too soon for women who want to influence legislation, either through the press or the platform, to begin their political education; that is, to make themselves moderately acquainted with the influences which regulate the conduct of men in society, and with the extent to which they can be suspended or directed by legislation, as far as has been ascertained by human experience; in other words, to make themselves moderately acquainted with history, political economy, and jurisprudence. Unless they do this, we fear, so far from exercising the "elevating and purifying influence" on politics of which we hear so much, they will simply increase the force of the very worst element in politics—that is, the element of blind and ignorant zeal, which we, for our part, consider just now only less dangerous to good government than simple rascality. About the character of corruption or treason there is no room for doubt, and there is no difference of opinion. You have only to reveal them clearly to rouse popular opinion against them. But we make bold to say that if anybody will go through history carefully he will find that what humanity has suffered from wicked and unscrupulous conquerors or tyrants or knaves is a mere trifle compared to what it has suffered from well-meaning ignoramuses and zealots.

If, therefore, female politicians as soon as they appear in the political arena are simply going to reinforce the ranks of those who make a mockery of reason and experience, disdain to argue, and vote and make speeches by the aid of an inner light of their own, of which the rest of the world knows nothing, and to treat the nature of man, as seen and known in the world, as if it did not form the leading element in all the great social problems, female politicians, instead of proving a blessing to the country, will prove a curse. It will not do to tell us in reply to these counsels that the mass of male voters do not study the science of politics any more than women. All men, or nearly all men in this country above the ignorant laborer, have taken an interest in politics and been made familiar with political ideas and political processes from their very boyhood. They are, at least indirectly, trained to politics by the nature of their studies at school and college, and by the nature of their business in active life. There is no man who does not find his calling more or less affected by legislation, and who does not, therefore, give more or less attention to political measures. Clergymen, lawyers, doctors, merchants, farmers, mechanics—all become politicians, in a greater or less degree, from necessity. Moreover, it is one of the familiar facts of domestic life that boys, from the time they begin to read and observe, turn their attention to political affairs, to wars, to laws, to revolutions, to the fortunes of states and of rulers, just as regularly, and with as little direction from without, as girls to dress and dolls and visiting and cooking and other incidents of household economy. Whether this difference be natural

or conventional merely, we shall not here discuss. It is enough for the purpose of our argument that it exists, and that nearly all women of the present or next generation will, on entering on a political career, have to acquire by hard work even that amount of fitness for the discussion of political questions which most men acquire without any special effort at all, by merely going on their way, following their natural bent, and attending to their business. Of course there are and will be women who will be able to contribute as much that is valuable to political discussion as any or all but a very few men, but then the mass of female politicians will not, without special preparation, be able to contribute anything at all that will not positively do mischief.

Female politicians, however, thus far, with three or four exceptions—we would willingly make the number larger, if we could—have not given, on the platform or in the press, much, if any, indication of either thought, study, or experience. They show, indeed, an ardent interest in the growth of human happiness and virtue, but about the means of promoting them through legislation they seem to be in a state of simplicity not far removed from that of very small children about their father's capacity for procuring money. We would refer anybody who thinks these remarks too severe to the history of the agitation about Hester Vaughn, the woman recently sentenced to death for infanticide in Philadelphia. The woman found her husband had committed bigamy in marrying her, and refused to prosecute him after he had deserted her. Another scoundrel then committed rape upon her, and she refused to prosecute him or even tell his name, lest it should hurt the feelings of his wife; and she then murdered, or appears to have murdered, her newly-born child, and has been convicted for it. Meetings of women have accordingly been held in New York, in which the laws under which the woman has been condemned have been made the subject of wholesale reprobation by female orators, and the conviction denounced with as much fury as if the woman's story of bigamy, and the rape which the victim refuses to prove, made it in some mysterious way the duty of the Governor to treat the infanticide as really a blameless act and the woman as simply an object of commiseration, and as if, moreover, it was his duty to accept the findings of the meeting in this ebullient state of mind as a guide for his official conduct. No *proof* of anything, be it remembered, has been offered or proposed. The sole object of the meetings held seems to have been to embody fine moral sentiments in a petition, and to give the petition the force of a political demand. It was laid down, too, amongst other things, that there was something peculiarly monstrous in awarding a woman under such circumstances the treatment that would be accorded to a man, thus surrendering the doctrine of the equality of the sexes on which the woman suffrage movement is based, and accepting the doctrine on which its opponents rely most firmly, that the very peculiarities of woman's moral and physical constitution, which so often in life place her at man's mercy, make it improper to throw open the professions and the ballot-box to her. Moreover, a demand was made by some speakers that Hester Vaughn should be tried by a female jury—that is, by a jury selected from the class of the community least accustomed to weigh evidence, most strongly moved by its passions and prejudices, and in a case appealing with peculiar force to these passions and prejudices. We do not say that cases of this kind should never be tried by female juries, but we do say that we hope the experiment will not be tried till women have acquired experience in the art of drawing inferences and greater control over their emotions than the great body of the sex now display. Moreover, they accused the convict's counsel, without a particle of proof, of having betrayed and deserted her, and, to cap the climax, sent off a deputation to Philadelphia in such complete ignorance of the facts of the case that, when it got there, it found that everything they wanted to have done had been done already on the motion of benevolent people in that city, who had gone to work in a silent, Christian, and efficient manner, without a hall, gaslights, or speeches or "committee on resolutions." The New Yorkers now owe the Philadelphia lawyer a public apology, which we trust they will make, and make handsomely; we hope they will not imitate too many of the reformers by pretending that they never heard of his vindication, or by

treating his denial of his guilt as simply a fresh proof of his depravity.

The sum and substance of the whole matter is this, and it is as worthy the attention of male as of female humanitarians, that the experiment they seem disposed to try of the direct application of the moral law—as evolved at public meetings—through legislation to the regulation of society, without regard to the disturbing elements introduced into all political and social problems by human nature, by habit, tradition, prejudices, weaknesses, vices, and ignorance—in other words, without regard to the lessons of history and the facts of human life—is sure to fail. It has been tried in various ages and amongst various races, and has always ended in confusion and disaster. It is but another form of the theocratic government over which everybody now laughs or mourns. What Providence clearly intended the politician for is, to take men and women as they are—their vices along with their virtues, the things in which they differ as well as the things in which they are alike—and having made himself thoroughly acquainted with the history and results of legislative experiments in other ages and places, do what he can, not to re-cast their character, but to place their character under favorable influences while leaving free play for their individual tastes and energies. For instance, when he comes to legislate on the relations of the sexes, he must not fix the position of woman as if she were simply a weak man, and as if he had never heard of such offences as seduction or rape or bigamy; and then when such offences are committed begin to rave against those who commit them as if they were unheard-of monsters, for the possibility of whose existence, like the parricides at Rome, the lawgiver was not to be expected to provide.

## Correspondence.

### THE PRESS AND THE PUBLIC.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your article on the "Provincialism of Southerners," and your paragraph on M. de Cassagnac's billingsgate in your last number, you seem to me to take ground, with regard to the press in this country, which can hardly be sustained. Of course I condemn assassination, but the state of public opinion at the South with regard to the Pollard murder does not, to my mind, warrant the conclusions you draw from it as to the condition of Southern morality or education. Pollard's paper, as he conducted it, was an intolerable nuisance—a real evil to which no civilized community could be expected to submit, and for the removal of which no remedy was provided either by law or society. The man himself, who went constantly armed, was doubtless a practised shot; so that if he blackened the character of your wife or daughter, and made your home wretched, and you attacked him on equal terms, in accordance with what is called "the code," the probability is he would have killed you in addition to libelling you. If, on the other hand, you prosecuted him, what with new trials and appeals and disagreements of juries, the result would have been that your name would have been kept before the public for two or three years besmirched with the Pollard filth, the fellow himself enjoying the notoriety the affair had brought him and his paper, and chuckling over your misery and mortification, and you would at last have retired from the contest worsted and out of pocket. If, therefore, it can ever be allowable to take the life of a fellow-creature, I hold that in such a case as this it is allowable; and if allowable at all, it is ridiculous to ask the injured man to risk his own life in doing it. The crowd in Richmond who cheered Grant felt all this.

I am not so sure either that the Northern press is above the Cassagnac level. There is no doubt that the editorial columns of the Northern newspapers have greatly improved within twenty years. The editors themselves have made great advances, socially and every other way. From being "paragraphists" and collectors of "items," attached to job-printing offices, they have risen into the rank of great merchants and great public instructors. They take their stand in the money market beside the most successful brokers, and they have fairly ousted the clergymen and lawyers as leaders in politics. Therefore, having a social position to uphold, the chiefs, with one or two exceptions, rarely allow dirty gossip and scurrility to appear in their editorial articles. But they manage, nevertheless, to pander to the tastes of those who like such things just as effectually as ever, by their system of "correspondence." They have in their pay a parcel of scamps in various cities, signing themselves "Rhodamantus," or



"Cerberus," or "Bayard," or "Quintus Curtius," or some such name, who compose letters in which they heap abuse on decent men, throw out odious insinuations against them, tell disgraceful stories of them with the utmost abandon, and these the editor prints in any quantity. If one of these creatures makes you his victim, and you call at the editorial rooms to remonstrate, the editor receives your complaint as if he had never heard of "Rhadamanthus" before, or, if he had heard of him, as if he were a person for whose performances he was no more responsible than for those of Leonard or the Hanlon Brothers. When you point out the libel, he expresses regret and sympathy, but with much the same air as if what had happened you was a wetting from the rain, or a sun-stroke, or some other visitation of Providence which, as a fellow-man, he was bound to deplore, but for which you could hardly be so ridiculous as to hold him accountable, and he probably offers to print "a reply from your pen"—that is, to make the attack on you more public than ever, widen and deepen the raw on your moral hide, and delight "Rhadamanthus" by showing him that he made a decent man wince. You may make it clear as the sun at noon that the correspondent is an unscrupulous scoundrel whose statements cannot be depended on, and that as a man nobody respects him or heeds him, and you may imagine that as soon as the editor hears this he will dismiss him. Bless your innocent heart! he will probably raise the beast's pay the minute your back is turned, on finding how "spicy" he is; and he will meet you that very evening, serene and smiling and respectable, although he has actually been paying "Rhadamanthus" for blackguarding you and lying about you, has borne the expense of printing his slanders, and has made money by selling them.

You have alluded to this matter once or twice in your paper, but it has not been properly ventilated. The increased purity of the editorial columns of the Northern press is a mere cleaning of the outside of the platter as long as the theory prevails that the editor is not responsible morally for what appears in the department of correspondence. That such a theory should prevail may seem monstrous, but it does, nevertheless, and there are only a few of the great daily papers in the country which are not conducted on it.

Let me add that I do not look on the public indifference to these libels, or perhaps I should rather say the enjoyment of them by all who are not affected by them, with the complacency with which you have once or twice professed to regard it. I think that at the bottom of all such callousness and such sport there is a spice of the devilish spirit which once made the combats of men and beasts in the amphitheatre delightful, and I think, too, that morality cannot be in a very sound condition in any community in which few care anything either about their own reputations or other people's.

Yours respectfully,

TERTULLIAN.

BALTIMORE, MD., December 3, 1868.

[The practical question is, after all, whether murder is a good and efficient remedy for libel. We hold it is not; and we have no doubt that a public which enjoys seeing a man like Pollard assassinated for scurrilous attacks on private character is just the kind of public which enjoys reading the attacks. It likes the bloody retribution in great part because it heightens the excitement of the whole affair. The murder of Pollard simply increases the number of Pollards, inasmuch as it helps to perpetuate the low civilization of which men like Pollard are the natural product. A community, therefore, which does not like such people can only get rid of them as individuals get rid of vermin, by self-purification. There is, after all, no remedy for such abuses of the press as "Tertullian" complains of but the improvement of the popular taste, and that has to be wrought by a thousand different agencies. Suits for libel are, except in one or two cases, next to useless. Whatever makes readers calmer, wiser, more reasonable, and more refined, will help to make newspapers better, and to lower the value of the "ruffians of the press," as they have been aptly called, in the labor market; but nothing else will. We are bound to add that the means which many of the reformers and philanthropists of the day have employed to carry out their ends have done nearly as much harm in one direction as good in another. For instance, we have little doubt that the foul-mouthedness and unscrupulousness in statement which have marked the talk and writing of large numbers of the friends of freedom have done much to give Brick Pomeroy a circulation of 328,000 for his *La Crosse Democrat*. This circulation he has, or had very recently, and a large part of it is not in the Southern States; and

he got it by using weapons which some Republican agitators have unfortunately helped to teach people to look on as lawful. Those who know what the *La Crosse Democrat* is will be able to estimate this fact at its proper value.—ED. NATION.]

## Notes.

### LITERARY.

MESSRS. WIGGIN & LUNT have in press a very small edition of a rare tract, of much interest to the collectors of early American literature—"New England's Jonas Cast Up at London." "It shows," say the publishers, "the earlier movements of political opposition to the parties in power in the Massachusetts and Plymouth Colonies; the efforts to obtain a greater toleration in matters of religious faith and practice, and the opposition to the laws of those colonies restricting the rights and privileges of freemen to church-members." It is a work frequently cited by historians, and cited with much satisfaction by such historians as are not violently in love with the Pilgrim Fathers. There will be printed but one hundred and seventy copies, twenty of which will be on large paper, and the volumes will be uniform in size and appearance with the volumes of the "Library of New England History," which the same publishers issue.—Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt, in addition to other works already mentioned, have in hand "King Misery," from the French of Paul Saunier, and Smith, Le Gros, and Hamilton's "International French-English and English-French Dictionary." They announce that they have made a copyright arrangement for the republication of the complete works of Friedrich Spielhagen, to whom critics of some weight assign the first place in contemporary German fiction. The same house will publish immediately a little work by Mr. John Fiske, who rebukes Mr. Parton for unscientific and deluding talk concerning stimulants and narcotics, and announces "It Does Pay to Smoke;" "The Coming Man will Drink Wine."—R. W. De Witt announces a reprint of Miss Braddon's last novel, "Oscar Bertrand;" "The Steel Safe," by H. L. Williams; "Out of the Streets," by Charles Gaylor; and a new edition of Mr. A. J. H. Duganne's "History of Governments."—We are glad to be able to announce the speedy publication by the Catholic Publication Society of Mr. Aubrey De Vere's "Irish Odes, and other Poems," which are certainly sure of a warm welcome from a good-sized circle of the lovers of poetry, and are likely to be welcomed, too, by another, larger, distinctively Roman Catholic circle of readers.—Messrs. Harper & Brothers announce that Mr. R. B. Roosevelt will edit the edition which they will publish of Mr. Charles G. Halpine's "Poetical Works." The book will contain a biographical sketch of the poet and a portrait.—Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son are to be the publishers of Mr. Bayard Taylor's "By-ways of Europe," which have already had one audience in the *Atlantic Monthly*.—Messrs. Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, announce "The Living Questions of the Times," by an American citizen, who will treat of religious and theological questions—if it is safe to judge by the titles of two works of his already printed. They are: "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," and "God Revealed in Creation and in Christ."—Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger will publish "The Van Todleburgs, or the History of a very Distinguished Family," by F. C. Adams, and several other works of fiction for the old and young, as "Typhaine's Abbey," by the Comte de Gobineau; "Springdale Abbey," "Mabel Clifton;" "Marooners' Island," by the author of "The Young Marooners;" "American Fairies," and so on. One of these juveniles, we are given to understand, is the result of an evil-minded attempt to modernize the highly elegant sentiments and moral reflections of the "History of the Robin," by the celebrated and "well-languaged" "Mrs. Trimmer," who wrote for our little grandfathers.—Messrs. Hurd & Houghton will publish a prose work by Mr. Alfred B. Street. "The Indian Pass; or, A Tramp Through the Trees," is the title of it. "The work is replete with vivid word-paintings of forest scenery;" and will, perhaps, do something to let people know of the magnificent resting-place which in the summer is within so easy reach of New York. "Helen on Her Travels; What She Saw and What She Did in Europe," is another of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton's announcements, and we believe we have not heretofore mentioned a book of theirs which is just out—"The Life of John Carter," by Mr. F. J. Mills. John Carter is the artist who draws and paints with a pencil held in his mouth, and Mr. Mills, who owns Mr. Carter's "Rat-catcher," which was executed in this manner, and who is his patron, has put together this volume, that the public may hear about the struggles of his friend. It is illustrated by others of Mr. Carter's works.—Mr. Duffield Ashmead announces "Nothing but Leaves," a

poem written by an anonymous hand, and illuminated by Jean Lee. —To our list of the publications of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. we have to add these: New editions of "Hallow-e'en; A Romaunt," by Bishop Coxe; of "Rasselas," of "Moore's Poetical Works" (Globe Edition); of "Byron's Poetical Works" (Half-dollar Edition); of "Sandford and Merton," "Robinson Crusoe," "Swiss Family Robinson," "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," "Pictures of Heroes and Lessons from Their Lives," "Fighting the Flames," "Old Deccan Days," and "Forty-four Years of a Hunter's Life," which eight works last mentioned constitute a very agreeable "Boy's Globe Library." Others of this firm's announcements are: "The Works of Douglas Jerrold," with his son's memoirs of him; "Our Charley, and What to do with Him," by Mrs. Stowe; and William Chambers's "Historical Questions, with Answers." —Messrs. G. W. Carleton & Co. announce "The Christmas Font," an illustrated child's story, by Mrs. M. J. Holmes; "Montalban," an American novel; and "Regina, and other Poems," by Eliza Cruger. —Messrs. E. J. Hale & Sons have in press a work with this satisfactory title: "Dolores: A Tale of Disappointment and Distress." Mr. Benjamin Robinson is the author of it. —We may say here that Messrs. R. W. Carroll & Co. intend publishing an unsectarian review with the title of the *Christian Quarterly*. It is to be devoted to "the advocacy of Primitive Christianity, as distinguished from the religion of sects." Its managing editor will be the Rev. W. T. Moore, and the associate editors will be President W. K. Pendleton, of Bethany College, President Errett, of Alliance College, President Graham, of the Kentucky University, and Mr. Thomas Munnell. Persons who know these gentlemen will know, better than the prospectus tells us, what the new magazine is likely to be.

—We have received the first number of Sabin's *American Bibliopolist*, a monthly literary register and catalogue of old and new books, which will be published, at a dollar a year, by Mr. Joseph Sabin, of Nassau Street, in this city. It is intended more particularly for buyers of books and for libraries, to which latter it will be furnished gratis, and will be found useful by all bibliomaniacs. This present number contains, first, an article on "Recent Auction Sales of Books," in which some very severe remarks—full of knowledge, however; and not unjust—are made on one or two late catalogues and libraries. Secondly, there is a lively account of the Leavitt & Strebeigh sale last spring, when Mr. Sabin and Mr. Gowans contended for the possession of Eliot's "Indian Bible," and the former bought it for \$1,130—the largest sum ever paid in America for a book without illustrations. Mr. John A. Rice, of Chicago, is now the owner of the volume. Third, comes a little article on "Bibliomania in America;" and, finally, there is a list of "Books Wanted." Altogether there is a fine old bibliomaniacal and bibliopolical flavor about this little publication which everybody of bookish tastes will find very agreeable, and which we hope long to enjoy. Perhaps it is worth while to mention the advertisement on the last page; it is an advertisement published by H. H. Bancroft & Co. of a list of works relating to the Pacific Coast.

—Mr. Dorsey Gardner having left the *Round Table*, that journal is now entirely in the hands of Mr. Henry Sedley, who has been for some time its principal conductor. He promises his readers the same sort of a paper—only better—in the future that they have been getting in the past. In addition, he will give them a Chess Department, and will criticise dramatic performances, and devote some of his attention to music. A "Modern Minister" has reached, we see, the fourteenth instalment of a series of articles entitled "My Religion," and in the last number there is a powerful letter from a "Veteran Observer," who shows lucidly that while he does not quite agree with the editor as to the proper definitions of certain words, yet the latter has no reason to fear that he, the "Observer," holds any such opinion in regard to the Constitution as that one recently expressed by a writer in the *North American Review*. The "Modern Minister," we may say, for the benefit of those persons who are not reading his expositions, maintains in this particular one of them that it is by faith, and in no other way, that we partake of the body and blood in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. "Engaged People," another of the essays in the last number of the paper, is severe upon the hobbledehoy class existing on the doubtful ground between married and single blessedness. Some of the political writing is to the effect that there are communities quite as corrupt, politically, as the City of New York, perhaps more so; and some more of it is to the effect that we, at least, are ashamed of our municipal government, while in Washington, senators, without making their constituents at all ashamed of them, notoriously grow rich on small salaries; but for an obvious reason no names are given.

—The disclosures that have recently been made concerning the poverty of Harvard College have pressed home forcibly on the minds of the alumni what they already certainly, though vaguely, knew, and there is now making a vigorous effort to put into the hands of the trustees an unrestricted fund of at least five hundred thousand dollars. It is proposed that this sum shall be raised by subscription, and that each class shall raise a certain amount. Meetings have been held both of classes separately and in combination with other classes, a committee has been appointed to draw up a general address, subscriptions have been solicited, and all concerned seem to be working in a very hopeful spirit. A contribution of \$10,000 is guaranteed by the class of '52, and the same sum by the class of '64. '54 will probably give \$10,000; '56 will certainly give \$5,000, and so will '57; '59 is expected to raise \$10,000; '60—a large class and a rich one, as liberal of money as it used to be of hard knocks and noise—may be set down as reasonably sure to give \$20,000; '63 is said to be likely to give \$15,000; and '65, '66, '67, and '68, the members of which have not as yet had time to make or inherit their fortunes, will, it is to be hoped, raise \$20,000 in due time. Thus, \$105,000 will almost certainly be got from the twelve classes which we have named. Besides these there are the classes of '61, '62, '53, '46, and '44, none of which has been away from Cambridge long enough to be much thinned by death, and which ought to be good for an average sum of at least \$10,000. Moreover, every year brings a new class, and it is likely that no class will hereafter graduate—in the immediate future, that is to say—without pledging itself to increase the unrestricted fund. However, in order to procure the \$500,000 which is desired it will probably be necessary to fall back on some of the celebrated individual benefactors of the college; but there are several of them who have never been forgetful of their obligations to her, and there is little doubt that before very long the fund will be of the proposed dimensions. When that happens it will be time to apply to the Legislature; and it will not only be time, but it will be right, and ought to be done. Massachusetts, as we have already said, knows very well that without Harvard College she would not be the Massachusetts that she is, but less honored and famous, and less deserving of honor. In the new era of educational reform, and amid the activity in educational matters which is developing itself everywhere in the country, it will be possible for our oldest university to be in the front rank of our institutions of learning only by being equipped with the new armor. And as the French say, Money never harms anything; the millennium, when it comes, will no doubt have a sound financial basis, and Harvard must be released from its poverty or be content to see learning and culture decline in New England, while the West, with which the East cannot hope to compete in material and political successes, bears away, too, the only crown which now is left for her to take. The committees wish to get \$50,000 as soon as possible, so that some interest may at once begin to come into the hands of the trustees.

—A Frankfort correspondent of the *Methodist*, the best and most readable of all our religious papers, makes mention, in a recent letter, of a complimentary dinner given by certain scientific and commercial men of Bremen to the famous geographer, August Heinrich Petermann, of whom we have more than once spoken, and of whom, as a geographer, one can hardly speak too respectfully. The occasion of the dinner was the return of the little schooner *Germania*, which has just come safe home after having made a voyage towards the North Pole and having planted the German flag in the Polar ice beside the Stars and Stripes of Kane and Hayes and the Union Jack of Scoresby and Parry. Doctor Petermann possesses something of that peculiar shrewdness—characteristic also of one of our greatest American savants—which enables him to persuade men of money to spend of their substance for the purpose of furthering the enterprises of the men of science—the men who "cannot afford to be rich," but who must have pecuniary contributions in aid of their objects. He gave so good an account of the trip of the *Germania*, and so plainly hinted that nothing but the want of means prevented the fitting out of another vessel to whose voyage the *Germania* expedition was merely preliminary, that several of the rich men in his after-dinner audience resolved themselves into a committee, and next year a new expedition of Polar discovery will undoubtedly be sent out, of which Petermann will be the organizer. He is a natural-born geographer and cartographer. Born in 1822, in the little town of Bleicherode, in the Golden Meadow of Prussian Saxony, he is now in the prime of life. His mother intended him for a theologian, but the boy's own thoughts were decidedly on the earth, and he was remarkable as a cartographer while still in the preparatory schools. Map-drawing is a regular requirement in the lower classes of the Prussian gymnasias; but Petermann, even after he had reached the highest class, still showed an irresistible preference for geo-



graphical studies; and in 1839, Professor Heinrich Berghaus established at Potsdam an institution especially designed for the instruction of geographers and cartographers, the pupils of which, under the skilful management of the principal, soon became enthusiastic in the pursuit of orographical, geodetical, hydrographical, and kindred studies. Petermann, perhaps the cleverest student of them all, was a valued co-laborer of Berghaus's in the preparation of the famous "Physical Atlas;" and afterwards, when Keith Johnston resolved to bring out an English edition of that volume, and had to import Germans into Scotland to work at it, Petermann and his friend Lange were two who were so employed. Previously he had drawn for Baron von Humboldt the map for that author's "Central Asia." The atlas being finished, Petermann went to England, and was for a time quite poor in London, but quite hopeful and cheerful. It was at this time that he made his excellent pair of maps of the British Isles, the one hydrographical and climatic, the other statistical. He was not long in making the acquaintance of Baron Bunsen, always the eager friend of men of learning, and of Sir Roderick Murchison, of Thomas Milner, and other eminent men. Becoming better known and more celebrated, he established a geographical institute in London, and about 1848 was appointed geographer to the Queen. He was already a member of the Royal Geographical Society, and besides his more strictly professional labors, was a contributor to the "Encyclopedia Britannica." It is, however, as a promoter of African travel that he is most widely known. By means of the influence that he was able to bring to bear on Lord Palmerston, and afterwards on Lord John Russell, he succeeded in getting Barth first, and after him Vogel and Overweg, sent out to Africa. Then, too, as now, the Polar regions got much of his attention, and his views in regard to Polar geography have been sustained by Kane's and Hayes's discoveries. Though he is such an organizer of travels, Petermann is not a traveller himself. At present he superintends the publishing establishment of the famous Justus Perthes at Gotha, and is, besides, Professor of Geography in the University there.

—The English papers are calling Mr. Kinglake's attention to an unedited page of the history of the *coup d'état*. It is taken from a panegyric memoir of the late Count Walewski, which was not long since printed in the *Journal des Débats*. The count was minister to England when the December revolution occurred in 1851, and France was entrusted to Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte for ten years. Lansdowne, Russell, and Palmerston were then governing England, and Walewski had no trouble in procuring from them the recognition, in accordance with England's usual policy, of the government actually established in France. Twelve months afterwards, however, when Napoleon had been declared Emperor, Lord Derby was at the head of the English ministry, and Walewski had a different and more difficult task to perform. Napoleon called himself Napoleon III.; to admit his right to that title was to admit the validity of the acts done in the Hundred Days, a thing which was so hard for English Conservatives to do that Derby, Disraeli, Malmesbury, and the rest positively refused to do it. But Walewski was equal to the occasion, and did not at all hesitate to take extreme measures. He made the question of immediate recognition of Napoleon the Third a question of peace or war. He devoted himself to influencing public opinion among the people, who cared a good deal about the safety of British commerce and not much about the abstract principle involved in the objection raised by the ministry; he utilized his excellent social relations to inspire the House of Commons promptly with some of the anxiety that was beginning to reign in commercial circles; and the result was that by his skill and energy he succeeded in getting what he and his master wanted. How true all this is nobody knows, we suppose, except those immediately concerned in it. If it is a true story, we may infer that, as Kinglake maintains, Napoleon was just as willing—and possibly a little more willing—to make war on England, for the purpose of fastening himself firmly in his new seat, as he was to make war in company with her. England's recognition of him, it will be remembered, induced Austria and Prussia to do the same thing, and Nicholas not very long after followed the example of those powers.

—As we risk being too late if we postpone it for a longer notice, we must just mention the catalogue, to be had of Mr. L. W. Schmidt, of the imperial library of Maximilian, bought by him of the collector, D. José Maria Andrade, shipped after Queretaro to Trieste, and to be sold at auction by Messrs. List & Frencke, Leipzig, on the 18th of January next, and for several days succeeding. The collection consists of nearly 4,500 lots (single volumes and series), and in all that relates to Mexico is undoubtedly the most complete in existence. It was the collector's aim to procure all works either relating to Mexico or printed in that country, and this part

of the library begins in the catalogue at No. 2,145 with about a hundred manuscripts of considerable value, and ends with the catalogue itself. Nos. 1,738-2,144 inclusive relate to America in general, to the Antilles, to North, South, and Central America. This and the Mexican portion it were greatly to be wished could be secured for some of our public libraries, at least such works as bear upon the history of the continent, which by no means all do. The sixteen introductory divisions of the catalogue consist of a *mélange* embracing a great many topics, with not a few cyclopædias and serials which must command a high price. Thus, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and its *Annuaire* make 187 volumes (octavo); the *Illustration*, forty-eight, etc. What is singular about the collection is that it contains almost no English work in English, and but few (among them Irving's) in translation. Fifty, or certainly a hundred, would comprise the whole. The absence of German is equally striking. Spanish and French overwhelmingly preponderate.

—What is the absolute value of Hindu poetry? has been, and will doubtless long continue to be, a disputed question. When the Sanskrit literature was first thrown open to knowledge there was a general disposition to hail it with enthusiasm and exaggerate its merits. Later, when the novelty of it had worn out, and the halo of illusion became dim, the prevailing tendency was to depreciate it unduly. For a dispassionate and abiding valuation the time has not yet come—if, indeed, the time ever comes when one community can value at their true rate the poetical productions of another; especially of another so unlike it as India, ancient and modern, is unlike Europe. Those who scorn the Oriental muse should at least lay it to heart that the Orientals think no more highly of our own. But there are very few Oriental scholars, even, who have so worked themselves into the conditions of Indian mentality that they are able to feel, as well as see, what an Indian work of fancy is. Its faults are more palpable than its beauties—its faults, among which a tendency to grotesque exaggeration is one of the most marked and most repelling to our soberer minds. To quote but a single example: one of the chief beauties of the female form, to the eye of the Hindu, is breadth of hips below a taper waist; then, not only is this beauty, in Hindu plastic and pictorial art, stretched to the very limit of caricature, but even Kalidasa, in his most admired play, *Sakuntala*, makes his hero recognize the nymph's footstep by the deep impression of the heels, driven into the soft ground by the excessive weight of her hips! How could a poet be regardless of the ludicrously ungraceful gait which alone should produce such tracks! But, not to be drawn too far aside from our main point, it seems plain that we have to look chiefly to Europeans resident in the East for those versions which shall put us in more intimate relations with the Eastern mind; and we may rejoice when such are sent back to us from thence. Mr. Griffith, of Benares, has just published a volume of versified extracts from Sanskrit poems, entitled "Scenes from the Ramayana, etc." (London: Trübner; New York: John Wiley & Son.) It is, we understand, the fourth which he has produced; the others have not happened to fall in our way. We can heartily commend it, as one of the best works of its class, to all who desire real enlightenment as to what the poetry of India is; and may safely promise that few who begin it will fail to read it through with genuine interest and admiration. Mr. Griffith's extracts from the Ramayana are nearly all taken from the first part of the poem; he holds out the hope of another volume which shall complete for us a sketch of its contents—a hope of which we desire to see the realization within no long time. Of pieces coming from outside the great epic, the longest and most important by far is the "Messenger Cloud," one of the acknowledged gems of the Sanskrit elegiac literature, from the hand of Kalidasa; it is rendered into Spenserian verse, which seems very well adapted to represent its stanzas. Among the epic pieces we especially relish the trochaic movement of the "Hermit's Son." The volume is from the Benares press, and is very creditably and tastefully executed.

—Among the latest historical productions of German literature we notice the following: "Blätter aus der preussischen Geschichte" (Leaves from the History of Prussia), by Varnhagen von Ense, a posthumous collection destined to complete the famous "Tagebücher" (Diaries) of the same author; "Der österreichische Staatsrath, eine geschichtliche Studie" (The Austrian Council of State, a Historical Study), by Dr. Carl von Hoch, of which the published first number contains the "Staatsrath unter Maria Theresia;" and German editions—the one revised and augmented by Friedrich Nippold, and the other by the author—of the "Memoirs of Bunsen" and L. Bamberg's "M. de Bismarck"—publications with which our readers have been made familiar by late reviews in this paper. The last-named reproduction contains an introductory sketch entitled "Deutschland,

Frankreich und die Revolution," which is highly spoken of. A less political but more biographical work on the now so popular Prussian statesman is "Das Buch vom Grafen Bismarck," by G. Hezekiel, an illustrated publication, written by an admirer for admirers, of which the first part has appeared.

—Dr. Friedrich Förster, the poet and historian, author of the drama "Gustav Adolf," of two historical works on Wallenstein, of a "History of Frederic William I., King of Prussia," and various other works, died last month at Berlin, where for a long series of years he officiated as assistant director of the royal museums. He was born on the 24th of November, 1791, one day after Theodor Körner, the German patriot-poet, with whom he entered together the renowned volunteer corps of Lützow, when Germany, in 1813, rose in arms against Napoleon. The author of "Leier und Schwerdt" fell on August 26 of that year in a skirmish with the French, and his friend Förster thus survived him fifty-five years.

### BONAPARTE IN ITALY.\*

THE Imperial author of the "Vie de César" has published no work on the life of the modern Caesar, his uncle. But no elaboration of his on that subject could be as meritorious as the grand collection of Napoleon's correspondence—political, military, and administrative—now appearing under the auspices of an Imperial commission, and of which twenty-five volumes have been published, containing about twenty thousand pieces—letters, reports, proclamations, notes, etc. The archives not only of France, but also of Germany, Russia, Sweden, Italy, and other countries, and numberless private collections, have been ransacked for the benefit of that extraordinary publication, from which, however, all private letters of the founder of the French Empire—and probably also a number of other papers—have been excluded. On the other hand, all papers communicated are given entire, without omission or alteration. The value of such a collection for the historian is obvious. The general reader of history, however, must naturally find it too vast, and both on account of its details, especially in military matters, and of its numberless repetitions, not a little tedious. To bring its contents, free of these defects, within the reach of the general reader, Heinrich Kurz has begun the elaboration of an abridgment, based on critical selection, of which the first volume is now before us, embracing, besides some introductory and some supplementary letters, four hundred pages relating to the history of the Italian campaigns of 1796 and 1797, the most brilliant period, perhaps, in the eventful career of the great conqueror.

It is almost needless to state that four hundred selected letters and public writings of Napoleon, illustrative of such a period, form an intensely interesting and highly instructive volume. Most of them are addressed to the Directory; some, confidentially, to Carnot; some to French generals and diplomats; some to the princes of Italy, the Pope, and the Emperor Francis; some to men of science and art; others, in the form of proclamations, to the army. The youthful warrior and diplomat, the future emperor and conqueror of Europe, is almost completely depicted in them. We see him working, organizing, marching, and conquering; we watch him planning, scheming, and brooding; we hear him advising, commanding, menacing, negotiating, and cheating. We admire his military genius, his courage and energy; the keenness of his intellect, the maturity of his ideas, and the wonderful vigor of his words; his consummate diplomatic skill, which seems almost marvellous in a man of twenty-seven; his prudence and patience, of which a long run of good luck and the unrestrained habit of commanding divested him in after-life. We are astounded by his success; we are shocked by his heartlessness. From the foot of the Alps, where he assumes command over a ragged, famished, and demoralized army, we follow him to Montenotte, Millesimo, Dego, Ceva, Mondovì, and Lodi; to Milan, which he liberates; to Lonato, Castiglione, and Bassano; to Arcola and Rivoli; to Mantua, which he forces to surrender; through Modena, Bologna, and the Romagna, to Tolentino, where Pius VI. is compelled to purchase peace; across the Alps, through Görz and Klagenfurt, to Leoben, where the Emperor, trembling for Vienna, finally agrees to preliminaries of peace with the French Republic; back to Milan, where he lords it over Italy; and finally to Campo Formio, where the definitive treaty of peace is concluded which terminates this period, a treaty by which Francis treacherously sacrifices parts of Germany, and Napoleon Venice. And all this belongs to the history of one year and a few days of victory.

Even before starting on his march into Germany Napoleon could thus address his soldiers:

"You have conquered in fourteen pitched battles and in seventy engagements; you have captured more than one hundred thousand prisoners, five hundred field-guns, two thousand heavy cannon, and four pontoon trains. The contributions imposed upon the countries conquered by you have fed and paid the army during the whole campaign. Besides this, you have sent the minister of finance thirty millions for the relief of the public treasury."

"You have enriched the Paris Museum by upward of three hundred works of art, masterpieces of ancient and modern Italy, to produce which thirty centuries were needed."

"You have conquered for the Republic the finest regions of Europe; the Lombard and Cispadane Republics owe you their freedom; the French banners for the first time wave over the shores of the Adriatic, in face of old Macedon, to which you can sail in twenty-four hours; the Kings of Sardinia and Naples, the Pope, the Duke of Parma, have abandoned the coalition of our foes and sued for our friendship; you have driven the English from Leghorn, from Genoa, and from Corsica."

These words, which tell what were the *res gestæ*, also tell us how the *nervus rerum gerendarum* was obtained. War was made to support war by a system of merciless extortion which differed from the plunderings of ancient and mediæval invaders perhaps only in the manner of its execution. Poor Italy, whom Bonaparte pretended to free, while he was ready to barter away her lands and people; whose past he glorified in his proclamations while, in his reports, he spoke of her living sons in words of intense and boundless contempt—Italy was made to bleed from every pore. Contributions, paid, being paid, or to be paid, are a constant theme of our young conqueror's lucubrations. He eagerly grasps every opportunity of extorting money. He is inventive in creating opportunities. He plans pretexts. But he does it all in a very polite way; he bleeds with polished instruments. He certainly is no Vandal conqueror; he destroys no works of art; he only carries off the best ones. He evinces a taste not only for statues and pictures, but also for manuscripts and anatomical collections, of which he sends off a part. He burns no temples; he only empties some of their treasures. He respects the superstitions of the conquered, and sends the Madonna of Loreto unutilized, and with all her precious ornaments, to Paris. He sends her privately to the Directory, some of the members of which may have particular regard for piously decorated Madonnas, while the attention of others—or of the same—is directed to the merits of "a hundred carriage horses, the finest that could be discovered in Lombardy." Besides all this, which is done decently and systematically, by order of Napoleon, an immense deal of extortion is done by a swarm of authorized and unauthorized commissioners and agents of the Directory, who infest every corner of Northern Italy, and whose robberies, peculations, and shamelessness the general hardly finds words to stigmatize. The soldiers, too, in spite of most rigorous regulations and frequent shootings, manage to plunder and rob on their own account. At an early stage of the campaign these liberators are designated by their leader himself "an army of brigands."

While contributions feed the army and gorge the Directory and Paris with plunder, a military reign of terror keeps Italy with all its hostile elements—princes, priests, nobles, and a monk-ridden peasantry—in awe and subjection. What that terrorism is, a few quotations may show. An outbreak having taken place in some villages of the Milanese, and an order to lay down arms having been disobeyed, a proclamation announces that "the generals will march the necessary forces to subject them, burn them, and have every man found in arms shot. All priests and all nobles who remain in the rebellious communities will be arrested as hostages and sent to France." The fate of Binasco and Pavia soon after proves that such are not empty threats. Some Frenchmen having been killed at Bosco, General Berthier is directed to throw the council of the place into prison, and to declare that if they refuse to name the guilty, "and do not, on the spot, make out a list of at least twelve persons," they will be immediately shot. The people of the vicinity of Tortona are guilty of a similar crime, and Napoleon reports: "I have had fifteen of the ring-leaders arrested, tried by a military commission, and shot"—the names having been obtained in the way indicated to Berthier. On entering the Papal dominion, Napoleon proclaims: "Art. 1. Every village or town in which alarm-bells are sounded at the approach of the French army is immediately to be burnt down, and the council thereof to be shot. Art. 2. Every community in whose territory a Frenchman shall be murdered shall be placed under martial law; a mobile column shall be sent there, hostages taken, and an extraordinary contribution levied. . . ." And yet all this is mild and humane when compared with the orders issued on the eve of a march into the Tyrol, orders, however, which we believe to have received no practical application.

And yet Bonaparte was neither greedy nor cruel. Nor was he by nature hypocritical or false, though his Macchiavellism appears no less great than

\* "Ausgewählte Correspondenz Napoleons I. Aus dem Französischen übersetzt von Heinrich Kurz." Vol. I. Hildburghausen, 1868.



his heartlessness, when required as a means. "All the fortified places of the Venetian Republic on the Adige," he writes to the Directory as early as July, 1796, "are now in my hands. You may find it suitable to begin, even now, a slight quarrel with the Venetian minister at Paris, so that, after the capture of Mantua and the driving of the Austrians from the Brenta, I may find a greater willingness to listen to the demand for a few millions which you intend me to make." "Is it your desire," he writes on another occasion, "to revolutionize Piedmont and to annex it to the Cispadane Republic? The means to do this without war, without violating either treaty or propriety, is to blend a corps of ten thousand Piedmontese, who must needs be the kernel of the nation, with our army, and to make them partake in our victories. After six months the King of Piedmont shall be dethroned. It is the spectacle of a giant embracing a dwarf and pressing him to his bosom; he suffocates him, but he cannot be accused of a crime. The result is owing to the extraordinary difference in their organizations." He flatters both the Pope and the Emperor, though he heartily hates the one with all his empire, and heartily despises the other, "the old fox," with all his clergy. He speaks "of the religion of our fathers" to Cardinal Mattei, and assures the French minister of foreign affairs that he could easily manage Egypt with armies like his, to whom "all religions, Mohammedans, Copts, Arabs, idolaters, etc., are alike." Hating anarchy and Jacobinism no less, or even more, than *émigrés* and royalist conspirators, he yet hesitates not to stir up revolutionary passions against clerical influences, to inspire the Italians with "fanaticism against fanaticism." He vaunts the conservatism of the army, and incites Barras to commit a *coup d'état*. Of course, all this is done in the interest of the French Republic, of "the greatest of nations," and of the Constitution of the year III., and, if we believe his repeated assertions, from the purest of motives and without personal ambition, as he longs to retire into private life, preferring peace to glory, and looking for reward in his "conscience and the opinion of posterity."

But although no glimmer of conscience or moral feeling, in the stricter meaning of the word, is to be found in all these hundreds of letters, a strong sense of the noble, the decorous, and even the virtuous, is almost everywhere perceptible, no less than an intense contempt for everything sordid, and meanly selfish. He admires patriotism no less than heroism. He speaks of the self-sacrifice of a poor washerwoman with the same warmth of feeling with which he claims acknowledgment for the brilliant services of Berthier, Augereau, Joubert, Victor, Lannes, Marmont, or Junot. He writes to every member of the government, separately, to procure relief for the widow of one of his heroes. Terrible to the enemies of France, he is yet free from personal vindictiveness. He neither belittles the deeds of possible rivals—though he betrays his dislike for Moreau—nor speaks boastfully of his own achievements. He honors the devotion of his military antagonists, and never ridicules them when fallen. Though born to command, his tone is unassuming, respectful to superiors, and almost austere modest. He is dignified even when flattering, and not entirely untruthful when deceiving. Men of science or literary genius he treats with great distinction. Altogether, we find it natural that many who knew him at that time, finding in him the talents without the vices of Cæsar, were inclined to exclaim, "Hic erit Scipio!"

And yet his ambition even then was soaring over all Europe and beyond it. He was planning the conquest of Egypt, of Malta, and of England. He offered his mediation to the Swiss Cantons, received Hellenic deputations, formed Polish legions, and exerted himself to gain the favor of "the brave Hungarian nation." Beyond conquered Corfu, he follows in his thought the shining track of the Macedonian; he will penetrate to the Nile, like Alexander; he will cross the Alps, like Hannibal—he will cross the Rubicon, like Cæsar.

#### DANA'S MINERALOGY.\*

THIS is a book of which Americans may rightly be proud. It is the most comprehensive, most accurate, and best arranged treatise on descriptive mineralogy in the world. To describe the various stones of which the outer film of the earth is made would seem at first sight no very formidable task. Yet here is a volume containing 875 large, closely-printed pages. Moreover, mineralogy seems to the uninitiated a narrow subject, easily exhaustible and less exalted than astronomy and zoölogy. But Professor Dana is first among scientific men in the United States by virtue of the compass of his mind not less than because of its clearness and penetration.

\* "A System of Mineralogy. Descriptive Mineralogy. By James D. Dana, Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Yale College; aided by Geo. J. Brush, Professor of Mineralogy and Metallurgy in the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. Fifth Edition. Re-written and Enlarged." New York: John Wiley & Son. 1868.

The book before us well illustrates the wonderful range of his abilities. In the first place, mineralogy includes crystallography, a difficult mathematical subject, which Mr. Dana treats amply and clearly. To be sure, the ideal mathematical form is never realized. A perfect crystal is as rare as a perfect man. But every crystal has its precise mathematical law, which it tries to obey and succeeds in obeying with more or less distortion and incompleteness. In crystals, nature seems to try to make straight lines. The effort is seldom successful; nevertheless the straight line is one of the ideals of growing stones. How complex the forms of crystals may become, while conforming to mathematical types, any one may see by glancing at some of the six hundred figures in this treatise. Whoever does this will instantly conceive a high respect for Professor Dana's mathematical powers. But mineralogy is an old subject, which has been studied long and been much written about. Accordingly, we find that Mr. Dana's historical researches have been broad and deep. The list of the abbreviated titles of the works referred to in this treatise covers eleven pages. The books cited were written in Greek, Latin, German, French, Swedish, Spanish, Italian, and English. Aristotle, Theophrastus, Dioscorides, Pliny, Agricola, Linnaeus, Wallerius, Bergmann, and Werner are among the older authorities on mineralogy. Years and years of labor are represented in the following simple statement in the preface to this fifth edition: ". . . the first author and first place of publication of each species, and of each name it has borne, and of the names of all its varieties, are stated in chronological order, with the dates of all publications cited." Professor Dana recognizes 834 distinct mineral species, and there are nearly 4,000 names of minerals in the index. To trace the names and fix the dates it is necessary to read at least eight languages, and to go back through the literature of the subject is to go perhaps to a point of time thirty days distant, and perhaps to a point three thousand years away. Even men who have never made an original investigation themselves can hardly fail to get some idea from these suggestions of the patient labor which must have been undergone before the little words we have italicized in the above quotation could have been truthfully written.

Again, all minerals are compounds, sometimes simple, but often exceedingly complex. Under each mineral species a full account is given of its normal composition, of the common departures from this typical constitution, and of the chemical characters and tests by which the species may be recognized. In the matter of chemical notation and formulæ, Professor Dana's work faithfully reflects the chaos which prevails in strictly chemical writings. The old chemical formulæ predominate; but in the latter part of the book the new formulæ occasionally appear, and a decidedly "progressive" sketch of the new system of notation appears in the introduction. As the classification of mineral species is in this treatise based primarily on chemical considerations, it is evident that a profound knowledge of chemistry is one of the requisites for the preparation of the work before us. The relations of crystals to light, heat, and electricity have been the subject of many curious and valuable investigations during the last twenty years. Professor Dana has been prevented from giving much space to the results of these physical researches by the fear of making his book unreasonably large. He has, however, given the optical properties of those species which needed this addition to their other distinctive qualities.

But information of an entirely different sort from any yet mentioned is liberally provided in this generous book. Minerals have their resorts, their homes or localities, in technical phrase. Students want to know where each mineral is found. Collectors are eager to visit the localities where unique specimens of this or that species have been obtained. The locality of the particular mineral from which the descriptions of a new species were made is not seldom a matter of some importance for those who wish to re-examine the new mineral and compare it with other species. Accordingly, Professor Dana gives under each mineral species information concerning the localities at which it has been found, and this for Europe as well as for America. A list of American localities, arranged by States, fills twenty-six pages at the end of the volume. Hundreds of persons must have contributed to this mass of information about localities, much of which is of the most minute description.

The author of such a compilation as the treatise before us must be versed in many languages and many sciences, and he must have a prodigious power of work in him. But all this is not enough. He must be also a man of singular penetration, good judgment, and fairness of mind. From a great mass of various material he has to choose the best; from a number of original investigators he must select the most trustworthy, and get at the very essence of their thoughts. This is what Professor Dana has admirably done. And, moreover, we venture to say that no student, savant, or collector, however humble, ever rightfully

thought himself defrauded of deserved thanks or recognition by this pre-eminently just as well as sagacious compiler.

Of Professor Brush, the worthy collaborator on this treatise, it is enough to say that he deserves to be associated with Professor Dana, and that he has no superior in his specialty in this country except his master.

### MRS. JENKIN'S LAST NOVELS.\*

IN the first of the stories named below, Mrs. Jenkin resigns herself to her ruling passion for depicting jealousy. Hitherto, in those of her books that we have had the pleasure of reading, she has been content with making three or four characters suffer, and that temporarily only, from what Mr. Richard Swiveller would call "the green-eyed." But in "A Psyche of To-day" she shows us the piece for which these previous episodes would seem to have been but studies; she concentrates her attention on her one point, and cuts away everything which does not directly heighten its effect. The result is a story more rapid and dramatic than any she has previously written, though not really more artistic, and certainly less thoughtful.

"A Psyche" is Mademoiselle Regina Nolopecus, the daughter of a musical and constitutionally impecunious Hungarian and a noble French girl with whom he eloped. Regina, orphaned and disowned by her maternal relatives, is introduced to the reader at the age of ten, a shy but dignified young person, who keeps her sorrows to herself, and announces that she can cook, speak Latin, and never tells lies. She is adopted and brought up by a Parisian lady who knew her mother. Madame Saincère is one of those women whom Mrs. Jenkin loves to paint, and she does it so well that we are always glad to see her, whether she be called Madame Saincère, Lady Ponsonby, or Mrs. Lescririère. An old lady, full of the best kind of worldly wisdom, warm-hearted and sensible, is the type, Madame Saincère differing from her predecessors in being childless, and therefore with less experience of the ways of young hearts. She is a patroness of letters and art. With her resides her nephew, M. Paul Latour de la Mothe, who is a painter and a genius. Latour's aristocratic mother in the provincial town of Juvigny had destined him for a government office, and would have chosen him a proper wife, but he shocked her by refusing both, yielding to her influence only so far as to break his engagement with a young lady whom he loved and of whom she disapproved. This young lady soon becomes Madame Aubry, without, however, losing her affection for Latour.

Madame Saincère sends the little Regina to a boarding-school, whence she emerges in due time pruned of all her promised originality, and very like any other French demoiselle—a "sphinx clothed in white muslin." She possesses, indeed, a wonderful beauty, and is otherwise like her prototype in being a fresh and simple creature, happy, innocent, and loving greatly: for already she loves Paul, who for his part hardly sees her. About this time she goes to visit Paul's mother at Juvigny. There is nothing in the whole book so delightful to our mind as the description of the society in this old town. It consists of a few Legitimist families and the respectable and well-to-do people with whom they condescend to mix; the former poor, despising trade, their manners and thoughts of the past, hopeless, ennuied, yet indefinitely elegant and attractive; the latter, taking Madame de la Mothe for an example, more modern in their ideas, upright, narrow, provincial. Of the first there are the Milles, De Lusson, darning their dresses in secret, and feebly waiting for some impossible future; Mme. De Noircourt, the devotee, with her enduring alpaca ready for every funeral; M. De Lusson, whose flute and cheerfulness form an added source of misery to his wife and daughters; Lepeaute, the accomplished servant, who manages to give a party to Regina out of pure skill and a fraction of money.

To Paul's mother Regina takes so kindly that she forces the stiff old heart to warm toward her; nevertheless, Mme. Latour does not neglect her duty, but selects for the young girl an eligible if disagreeable young man for a husband. The unsophisticated "Psyche" shrinks from this as from other matches that Paul and Madame Saincère next form for her. While this goes on Madame Aubry meets Paul and rekindles his old flame for her. In time she is dethroned by an eccentric and beautiful genius, a young Irish girl, who insists on being called "Hubert," who has only gentlemen for friends, who is absolutely free from passion, who speaks several languages, reads Hegel, sings wildly and wonderfully, and dresses in the height of fashion. Whether "Hubert" is a copy from life or evolved

from Mrs. Jenkin's inner consciousness, she is in either case a failure. Her characteristics are asserted, not depicted. Declared to be a prodigy, she is permitted to utter only commonplaces and perform absurdities. Paul wisely decides that this young person will not make the good wife that he now seriously wants. Somebody suggests that Mlle. Nolopecus is well-born and well-dowered. He proposes for her and they are married, poor "Psyche" as dumb with delight as she had hitherto been with grief. Paul is pleased, on the whole, both with his wife's outlines and the praises she receives. A year passes, and Madame Aubry again turns up. Every thing follows now that one may expect, and as it has often done before in novels, only that Mrs. Jenkin manages the gradual separation of the husband and wife with the nicety of a practised hand, touching delicately and omitting effectively; never vulgar, although occasionally trenching on the sensational. The modern Psyche lights her lamp by opening an anonymous letter during her husband's absence, and she finds out that far from being a god, he is only an everyday deceiver. At the sight of him on his return she goes mad, whereupon he immediately discovers that he adores her and hates Madame Aubry. Mrs. Jenkin always rejoices in doing poetic justice. On this occasion she is even more rigorous than usual in the performance of duty. Regina is avenged of every single pang she has suffered; and if we are forced to admit that (to the carnal mind) Providence is not apt to punish the wicked so satisfactorily, we are equally compelled to say that the way in which Mrs. Jenkin does it is ingenious and dreadfully interesting. As, for instance, where the insane wife glides in to stand for the "Iphigenia" begun in happier days, and glares at her husband with the very expression he had once longed for her to assume, being irritated with her persistent loving glances. It would make a good *tableau vivant*.

When it is conceded that an authoress is skilful and entertaining, knows what is good taste, what good manners, has a graceful wit, a turn for reflection and analysis, vivacity and pathos at command—is, in short, the producer of eminently readable books, is it not captious to take any exception to the works of her hand, so complete in their way? We dare say there is no use in it; Mrs. Jenkin is not a young writer, and criticism or spurring of any kind would hardly cause her to rise from cleverness to greatness. Yet we like her so much it is impossible not to wish to be able to like her more; to wish that she were as good to remember as to read; that she had higher motives for her tales than melodramatic revenges; that she contributed less to form an appetite for morbid emotions, and more to extract some real virtue out of and for the society she is so well fitted to describe. We are not to be understood as insinuating an entreaty for a "moral;" but it is nevertheless true that no work of fiction can be worth much which does not possess that underlying moral which rejects little purposes, and is the only stimulus to true artistic perception.

So far we had already written when "Madame de Beaupré" appeared. It may be described somewhat in the same general terms applied to "A Psyche of To-day;" but it is certainly two or three steps below that story, and bears us out in the suggestion that Mrs. Jenkin is not in an improving way. The little analytical sentences which she is accustomed to sprinkle in here and there have lost all but their worldly wisdom, and are good indications of that lower tone of her mind which is visible in all her novels, and in "Madame de Beaupré" is in the ascendancy. "How is it," she asks, "that the inferior nature so constantly governs the superior?" "His egotism prospered with him, as egotism is wont to do." "It is a melancholy fact that as soon as we allow our heart to dictate a course of action to us, we are almost sure to get into a scrape." The society in "Madame de Beaupré" is almost too frivolous and silly to be amusing, well described though it doubtless is. Madame herself is an unattractive person, to our taste, from the time when she becomes a widow till she succeeds in gaining her lover by turning Protestant. A *coup de théâtre* cuts the Gordian knot of the difficulty, in a scene in which religion and attitudes mingle in a manner positively disagreeable, and awaken suspicion of the means by which Mrs. Jenkin, in her previous compositions, has produced her effects and played on our sympathies.

### MR. G. W. MOON'S BAD ENGLISH.\*

SINCE his fight with Dean Alford, a few years ago, Mr. Moon seems to have taken upon himself the office of champion of his native tongue, and to think it necessary that he should sally forth, from time to time, upon offenders against the strictest proprieties of English speech. In this little volume he spits upon his lance three such hapless beings, and retires from

\* "A Psyche of To-day. By Mrs. C. Jenkin." New York: Leypoldt & Holt, 1868.  
"Madame de Beaupré. By Mrs. C. Jenkin." New York: Leypoldt & Holt, 1868.

\* "The Bad English of Lindley Murray and other Writers on the English Language: A Series of Criticisms by G. Washington Moon." London: Hatchard & Co.; New York: Pott & Amery. 1868. 18mo. pp. xi, 268.



the field with all the airs and honors of glorious victory. Perhaps we have missed the proper comparison, and should have said "bodkin," rather than "lance;" but the writer bears himself so stoutly, and so evidently appears in his own eyes a knight "of mighty bone and bold emprise," that he almost imposes upon us, and makes us lose sight of the pettiness of the work in which he is engaged. No literary business, certainly, ranks lower than this verbal criticism, which goes with a microscope over the surface of one and another writer's style, spying out cracks and roughnesses, making a big mark across them, and calling upon the world to stand aghast at their enormity. We would not deny that it has its value; but it should be practised as quietly and unpretentiously as possible, as if the critic fully realized how much more important things there were to be attended to, and that an author who is laboring to get some weighty matter before the minds of his public may fairly be absolved from blame for now and then putting an *only* in the wrong place, using a for an, being careless of his antitheses, and such like faults. Mr. Moon's whole tone and bearing is "loud;" he elaborates and emphasizes his strictures as if he would fain compel universal attention to them. The very fact of his putting forth a second volume of this character tries our patience severely. We are of the number of those who were never able to see why Dean Alford's unscholarly and awkward lucubrations should have been gathered together out of the magazines in which they first appeared, to be made into a book; nor why Mr. Moon's retorts should have been thought worthy of the same treatment. The task of dealing with an adversary like the Dean was not difficult, nor the credit of vanquishing him great. Still, it must be conceded that the patronage of the public has justified the enterprise of the publisher who puts forth both books together, making each stir up curiosity and attract purchasers for the other. If the warning conveyed in the appearance of the present volume be duly heeded, its reception will be such as to convince its author that he has worked out this particular vein, and had better try to win further reputation, or utilize the notoriety already gained, by contributions to literature of another sort. It would be sad enough to have to look forward to an indefinite succession of volumes of verbal criticism, and there is no reason why the series should ever come to an end for lack of subject.

We must do Mr. Moon the justice to say that, within the limits imposed by his theme, he is a sound and thorough worker, sharp in discovering the vulnerable points in his antagonists' armor, cunning in offering the smallest number of opportunities for counter-thrusts. To such a critic we can probably pay no more gratifying compliment than by acknowledging that his style is very correct. Nor is it wanting in vigor or dash; but to the more delicate graces it can lay no claim. Its humor, for example, is almost uniformly unsuccessful; you cannot well smile heartily at the fun of a man whose grin warns you a sentence or two off of the fun's approach. We have no idea of criticising him in detail—to provoke, perhaps, a retort from a man whom it is so perilous to arouse; we will call attention to but a point or two.

One of the matters respecting which we should most differ with our author in opinion has to do with the use of the article. We are perfectly ready to write "an earnest and faithful man," or "a faithful and earnest man," and to defend against all comers the correctness of both phrases; maintaining that he who requires two articles, "an earnest and a faithful" or "a faithful and an earnest"—because, forsooth, the two adjectives, standing separately, could not take the same article—has an ear which has been made morbidly sensitive by unhealthy training. Very often we should amend Mr. Moon's punctuation (if it be his own)—rejecting, for example, the comma in "Many writers consider the repetition of a word in a sentence, to be an inelegance" (p. 25); or in "The teaching of the foregoing criticisms respecting adverbs, may be summed up thus" (p. 16). And he is not entirely free from that unnecessary and illogical doubling of the auxiliary *have*—as in "it would have been better still, to have said" (p. 32)—which, to be sure, is not so unequivocally an offence against English usage as it ought to be, since authorities innumerable, ancient and modern, can be cited in its support; but which, in our view, is nevertheless an offence, and a grievous one, against real propriety of speech.

We must not leave our young gentleman without calling attention to the tremendous nature of the combat which he and Mr. E. S. Gould recently carried on in the *Round Table*. It was not unlike one of those many contests in the prize-ring in which each gentleman, as he "gets in," or tries to get in, on his antagonist, suggests to him that he is a liar, that his mother's failings did not lean to virtue's side, that his father stretched hemp, and so on. Both champions are at present quiet, and as friends of virtue and as persons delicate about manners,—to say nothing of a capacity we have for being bored,—we sincerely hope they may both remain so.

#### GIFT-BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.\*

If the children were better critics, we should have better literature for children than we now have; or rather, more of our juvenile literature would be good. However, the child's critical faults being negative, they produce less unfortunate results than otherwise would be the case. A girl or boy with a good mental appetite will devour almost anything, and, luckily, is usually blessed with so happy a digestion that he easily rejects what is not fit food for him. He is not in the condition in which older readers too often are; he has not yet formed the unhealthy tastes which crave morbid excitement; he is not yet the positively bad reader who necessitates the bad writer; so he suffers no great deal of harm at the hands of the average writer for youth, though it is true, of course, that he misses a vast deal of good which he ought to get, and that therefore the duty devolving upon the older critic, his guardian, is, for practical purposes, not lighter than if authors for the young folks really inflicted all the injury which most of them are so capable of inflicting.

In noticing the children's books of the coming holidays we have already spoken of the best of them; "The Flower and the Star," by Mr. Linton, is, at all events, the best of that class of them which is intended for the smallest people who read—those less than ten or eleven years. To be sure, some of Mr. Linton's work is old enough for readers of patriarchal age; but the best of the imaginative sort of writing for children is pretty safe to be either old enough for the oldest reader at the same time that it is young enough for the youngest, or else to be trivial in meaning, at once wooden and weakly, and distastefully expressive of sham and humbug. Let one of the best of Grimm's or Andersen's little prose poems—full of a morality, high or homely, not less applicable to the grave side than to the side of the cradle, more fully suffused with imagination than most epics, never departing from the truth of things—be compared with the work of any one of the multitude of pretty-story makers or allegorico-moral-story makers who fill the boys' and girls' magazines with the products of what is called their imagination. The latter will be laughed at by men and women who have any right to laugh, or, rather, who have a right to laugh at things—and some such persons there are, Wordsworth to the contrary notwithstanding. Not that all truth and all beauty are within the vision of childhood, but there is none of either which is within the comprehension of the child that is not also delightful and acceptable to the man, and none that the man rejects is fit for the mind of the child, or is anything but spurious. When the father cannot read with satisfaction the holiday book that he buys for his boy or girl, the boy and girl, of course, may read it, and probably will; but, of course, they ought not. We are speaking only of imaginative literature; which, after all, though its operation is often insensible, is apt to be in the end the most powerful in its effect on the morals and the mind. If most of what is good in human life and character has its root in the spiritual power of aspiration after the unknown good, then the literature of aspiration seems to be of most importance; and that it is of most importance, and always has been, an examination of the facts, even in the case of the individual, if it were easily possible, would easily show. Mr. Linton's little book we have already praised, with some hinted reservations. These

- \* "Little Rosy's Travels; or, Country Scenes in the South of France. With 24 illustrations by Frölich." Reproduced by the New York Lithograph, Engraving, and Printing Company. New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co. 1868.
- "You-Sing: The Chinaman in California." Philadelphia: Presbyterian Publication Committee. New York: A. D. F. Randolph.
- "The Little Gypsy. By Elle Sauvage." Illustrated by L. Frölich. Translated by J. M. Luyster.
- "The Butterfly's Gospel, and Other Stories. By Fredrika Bremer." Translated by Margaret Hewitt. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.
- "The Sick Doll, and Other Stories; for Youngest Readers." With one hundred illustrations by Oscar Pietsch, Hamilton Weir, and others. Boston: John L. Shorey. 1868.
- "The Great Secret, and Other Stories; for Youngest Readers." With more than a hundred illustrations by Pietsch, Frölich, Weir, Billings, and others. Boston: John L. Shorey. 1868.
- "The Nursery Series."
- "The Child's Auction, and Other Stories; for Youngest Readers." With more than one hundred illustrations by Pietsch, Weir, Billings, and others. Boston: John L. Shorey. 1868.
- "The Nursery Series."
- "Told in the Twilight; or, Short Stories for Long Evenings. By Sidney Daryl. With illustrations by Gussie Bridgman." Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1868.
- "Children with the Poets. By Harriet B. McKeever." Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1868.
- "The Orphans' Triumphs. The Story of Lily and Harry Grant. By H. K. P." New York: M. W. Dodd. 1868.
- "Boasting Hector. Foolish Zoe. Mischievous John. The text by his [her] Mamma. The designs by L. Frölich." Boston: Roberts Bros. 1868. 3 vols.
- "Ruth Lovell; or, Holidays at Home. By Mrs. Carrie L. May." Boston: Wm. H. Hill, Jr., & Co. 1868.
- "Appleton's Juvenile Annual for 1869. A Christmas and New Year's Gift for Young People. With numerous illustrations." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1868.
- "Washed Ashore; or, The Tower of Stormount Bay. By William H. G. Kingston. author of "Peter, the Whaler," etc. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 1868.
- "The Cricket's Friends. Tales told by the Cricket, Teapot, and Saucepan. By Cousin Virginia." Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 1868.
- "I Will, and other Stories. By May." New York: P. S. Wynkoop & Son. 1868.
- "The Entertaining Story of King Brondé, His Lily and His Rosebud. By Anna M. Diaz. With illustrations by W. L. Sheppard." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

suggested themselves when we thought of the fact that some parts of it would simply puzzle a childish reader; that he would get from them not only less than an adult reader, but would get nothing from them—which would seem to show a defective sympathetic, if not creative, imagination in the author. Still, we are glad to commend it again as being, on the whole, the best of the more important holiday books for the young.

"Little Rosy's Travels" also—which is a reprint, with good illustrations, of an English book—we can praise heartily. It is an account of a very human little girl's adventures in the South of France, whither her father and mother took her to grow fat. Parents will at once recognize its truth to nature, and children will be the better and happier for making the acquaintance of so good a disobedient, kind-hearted, merry little personage as Miss Rosy. The scenes of the story, too, will be new to the reader, and the book will be a real treasure to whatever girl may be fortunate enough to have it given to her.

Little Californians have recently been told—if any of them listened—that God, foreseeing the influx of Chinamen into the Pacific coast country, has begun to endow American citizens newly born in that region with larger heads than are given to the infants of the other States in the Union. "Wisdom is good to direct," the argument is, and as by divine ordinance the "Johns" are hereafter to dig canals for California, do family washing, work on farms and in gardens, and be in all respects a servile class, it behooves their future masters and mistresses, thus released from drudgery, to devote themselves in earnest to the business of governing and guiding them, and to occupy themselves in intellectual pursuits. Whenever God has formed purposes of this kind the race which He selects for the mastery becomes rather impudent, insulting, domineering, tyrannical, and otherwise in need of good advice. "You-Sing: the Chinaman in California," is therefore a story which we feel in a manner bound to urge on the attention of the people who have accepted for themselves and their offspring their manifest destiny as Californians. It sets forth, in what purports to be a narrative of facts, the courage, the gratitude, and the self-sacrificing spirit of a poor Chinaman who not long ago lived in Sacramento city, and who underwent much partly-deserved and partly-undeserved abuse from the children of a family residing near him, but who, when the floods came, worked hard to save his enemies from destruction, helped to support them after the father was drowned, aided the widow in the recovery of her property from her husband's fraudulent partner, and in every way approved himself an admirable person, although his notions of morality were of a somewhat Oriental character, and he was in religion a consistent pagan. The author gives some decided indications of a willingness to appropriate so much goodness, by summary conversion, to the credit of Christianity, and we are glad for her sake as a story-maker that she had to stick to the facts of the case, and, at the end of the volume, leave You-Sing in an enquiring frame of mind, but not under deep conviction of the entirely worthless character of his josses. The incidents of the book will interest the readers for whom it is intended, and the author is to be thanked for having attacked in a sensible way a cruel prejudice.

"The Little Gypsy" is translated from the French, and, in its English dress, is a pretty story told in a sprightly way. Old Wolf, the tailor, and Marguerite, his quick-tempered wife—who has what Carlyle and Ben Jonson call an aptitude for the profession of sovereign prince, she is so well fitted out with desires for various things—live with their beautiful little daughter in a village in the Tyrol. A band of gypsies come, and of course Marguerite must have her fortune told, and of course she takes Mina with her, and of course all follows on as it should. Mina is stolen and the gypsies beat her and try to teach her to steal, but she will not learn that trade, and, instead, becomes a singer and dancer of marvellous skill. Then the great composer hears her, and the Landgrave sees her, and she is rescued from her hard life, and becomes in time a famous prima donna, and supports her father and mother, whom she fortunately finds again alive and well. There is no need to praise such tales, which will be a part of childhood till the end of time, or till childhood shall be less happy than it is.

Two pleasing writers—Margaret Howitt and Fredrika Bremer, the one as translator and the other as author—combine to make for the children a pleasant book of short tales: "The Butterfly's Gospel, and Other Stories." They are full of the poetical sentimentality which is so common in German literature, and which is perhaps the chief grace and charm of the literature of the Scandinavians, and which, when it does not perilously tremble on the verge—or pass it—of gushing insipidity and weakness, is in some moods so thoroughly delightful. "The Rose of Jericho," with its pretty legend and its warm humanity, is the best of the three stories comprised in this volume, and is good for children just as the "Christmas Carol" is good for them—because, as somebody, not speaking profanely,

said of the latter, its love and tender charity make it a continuation of the Sermon on the Mount.

The three books next in order in our lists are so determinedly moral in their tendency—if it can be called tendency when in so many words it is told to little boys and girls that they must not lie, nor even steal, nor be idle, nor disobedient, nor rob birds' nests, nor decline to learn to hem, and so on—they come out so strong in this respect, that we feel a little hesitation in recommending them or speaking of them at all. But they are for the very youngest of readers, or rather spellers, and their didacticism is not so bad; "it is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth," and the moral law may safely be imposed in all its weight and nakedness on the necks of the extremely young sinner.

Mr. Daryl's "Short Stories" are so stuffed with long words and stilted expressions as to offer serious difficulty to children in understanding them, either with or without a dictionary. "Joey's" mother, who lived in a court, "would have been right glad to have left it, could she have found any other locality where the rent was equally moderate." He, poor boy! was not born, but had an "advent into existence." "Nelly" "deposited" her father's supper in the basket, instead of placing it there. Vain of showing her needle-work, "she had only one opportunity in the week of exhibiting her handicraft to the public gaze"—the same day that "the venerable old grey pony was enticed . . . to undergo the labor" of drawing the gig to church. "Enticed"—we must go back again—"with much expenditure of persuasive words by Martin, and knowing dodges by Joe;" a union of diverse not to say opposite styles which is even surpassed in the case of still a third "Joe" (Mr. Daryl not being fertile in names). This last Joseph rose from prayer, "no longer the craven and coward, afraid to meet the ills of life, but ready to grin and bear them." Nor do we find worth or novelty enough in these stories to keep the author from seeming a bore, which we dare say he is considered in his own country. The woodcuts are in the highest style of primitive art.

A somewhat laborious examination of Miss McKeever's collection has enabled us to pronounce at least a tenth of it to have no relation to children, suggestively, subjectively, or objectively, and nearly the whole of it to be eminently unsuited for the compiler's purpose—"to put into the hands of children as a class-book;" i.e., "children between the ages of eight and fourteen." And we can further say that the pretensions to accuracy advanced in the preface are not borne out. We have not made comparisons with the originals, but trust our critical instinct when we denounce page 80 for two gross misprints, and page 81 for fatal mispunctuation, Wordsworth and Longfellow being the sufferers. Miss McKeever's introductory verses are perhaps the worst in the book—which, as she gives seven other pieces of her own, is saying a great deal. No less than seven stanzas (four in succession) are disfigured, though not spoiled, by rhymes like this: *teens and seen, gems and them, lays and away, friend and sends, books and Cook, tales and stale, loved and above*. One we may applaud for this naive confession:

"Some very young poets are singing  
In this volume their innocent lays;"

but a little further on we are startled by this paradox:

"We shall sing the sweet poems of Cowper.  
The poet so pure and so good.  
Who tells us bright animal stories.  
In his own tender, beautiful mood."

"Young ladies between fourteen and twenty" will beware of "School girls with the Poets," which Miss McKeever has in preparation.

We mention "The Orphans' Trials," a Sunday-school story, only to say—and our remarks will perhaps apply to many of the same class—that as it is calculated to reach children chiefly through its influence on their parents, it cannot properly be called a book for children. On this account we forbear to criticise it and others like it, more than to say of this one that it appears to be founded on real occurrences rather than to have been improvised purely from the religious sentiment.

The three square little green books—"Hector," and "Zoe," and "John"—with designs by Frölich, would have been better without the "text by mamma." The pictures are quite charming and have only the drawback of illustrating rather poor stories. The disorderly "John" of the title-page is infinitely preferable to the hypocritical-looking student at the end. We also enter our protest against the plan of making cruel boys better by dwelling, either in words or in pictures, on the deeds of other cruel boys. As well can you make men more virtuous by publishing *Police Gazettes* and having public hangings. The animals in this series will give great pleasure to children. The figures of several of the boys and girls are drawn with much spirit.

"Ruth Lovell" is more than a story with a moral—it is full of



morals; there is a moral to every chapter, a moral to every conversation. The two little girls at home for the holidays are inveigled at every turn into discussions on Time and Eternity, and Heaven and Industry, and other kindred themes. The sugar to this medicine is in the jocular flights of one of the children, which may possibly be enjoyed as wit by the youngest and more imbecile readers. The little girls who are to receive this book as a Christmas gift had better be those who have "gone up head" on definitions, for they are required to understand what "capillaceous" means, and "pachydermatous," "incipient," "ignominiously," etc., etc.

Any boy will be glad to get "Appletons' Juvenile Annual." It is handsome without and full of entertaining variety within. It is a selection of all sorts of (short) stories from all sorts of sources, from a legend of King Arthur to "Reuben Pettingill," by Artemus Ward. There is something about gorillas, and the devil-fish, and the Indians, something about hunting and fighting, and the indispensable story about General Washington is not wanting. There are 39 illustrations, and in short, to quote the publishers' advertisement, it may be considered a "sumptuous annual."

"Washed Ashore" is a tolerably good story of a kind which is always sure to interest children. It is full of incident and adventure by sea and land; ghosts, smugglers, one-armed sailors, underground passages, desert islands, shipwrecked vessels; with all suggestive things of this nature its pages are well crowded. It is not, of course, designed for very young readers; but children of twelve years old or so will mightily enjoy it, and after the first page or two there is not much that they will care to skip. There is now and then a long word which may be too much for them, and a little technical moralizing which might, perhaps, have been dispensed with; but, on the whole, the book is very well adapted to the tastes and capacities of children.

It would be pleasant to be able to say as much for "The Cricket's Friends;" but after the first two or three chapters, in which the Spider and the Wasp talk a little about their own habits and those of some of their near connections, the book becomes quite too absurd to inflict upon children of ordinary intelligence. The idea of it, which is that a club composed of such incongruous members as the tea-kettle, the saucepan, the caterpillar, the spider, and the wasp meet in a kitchen every evening for mutual entertainment, is not, to begin with, a very promising one, although something might have been made of it in the way of adapting to their easy comprehension some of those facts in natural history which most children listen so eagerly. But after a very little and very poor work of this kind to make the spider begin a romantic tale in this fashion:—

"Beyond the Frith of Clyde, the Kyles of Bute cleaving their way among grey cliffs, tapestried with mosses and richly clothed with lichens, past Loch Rìdan's clear waters, lies the Peninsula of Cantyre, on the bosom of the Atlantic, lies a group of islets, varied in hue and form—the Hebrides;" . . .

and to hear the wasp and caterpillar follow suit in a style equally ambitious, is to count too confidently on the ease with which children may be deluded.

"I Will," is another stupid little book, which a discriminating Santa Claus will doubtless deposit only in the stockings of naughty boys and girls, along with the switches and the lumps of coal which sadly imitate the toys and sugar-plums and fairy tales reserved for better and happier children. We fear, though, that even to the most flagrant violators of nursery decorum its dreary sermonings and its dull narrations would prove less salutary than depressing.

Mrs. Diaz understands her audience better, and gives them a fairy tale which they will be sure to find sufficiently "entertaining" to justify its title. "The Entertaining Story of King Brondé" is simple and pretty, with plenty of the orthodox fairy-tale incident and sentiment, and may be safely commended to holiday-book buyers.

#### ILLUSTRATED GIFT-BOOKS.\*

JULES MICHELET's tender-hearted and agitated books upon Love, Woman, The Sea, The Bird—treatises in the minor key and with much shuddering of shrill violin notes—are the works by which he is best known in this city. Several of them have been very well translated. It may be that "L'Oiseau" has been translated and published in America. At all

"The Bird. By Jules Michelet. With 210 Illustrations by Giacomelli." London, Edinburgh, and New York: Nelson & Sons.

"An Elegy written in a Country Churchyard. By Thomas Gray." New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1869.

"Sketches abroad with Pen and Pencil. By Felix O. C. Darley." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1868.

"Woodside and Seaside Illustrated by Pen and Pencil." D. Appleton & Co., 1869.]

events, here comes a London edition of it, under the title of "The Bird," and decorated with woodcut illustrations.

The French edition, in octavo, published by Hachette and imported by F. W. Christern, contains the same illustrations, and, in fact, may be considered as the original of this one. A careful comparison of the French and the English books shows a slight superiority in the French impression, of the engravings, whether expressive of the difference between the wood blocks and electrotypes of them or between earlier and later impressions from the blocks, there is no need of enquiring, nor is the superiority of primary importance. The engraving has been very well done, and, in general, in a simple and satisfactory way.

We had no knowledge of Mr. Giacomelli, as a designer, before the appearance of the French edition of this book, two or three years ago, nor have we since met with any other works illustrated by him. The two hundred and ten pictures in this volume are nearly all interesting; there is not one of those devoted to the birds—that is to say, not one except the rather trifling borders to some of the pages—which it is not a pleasure to examine. The picture on page 147 of the Cairene street spanned by poles reaching from house to house, upon which and upon every frieze, jutting, and coign of vantage the turtle-doves are perched in scores, while others are on the wing, is touching and poetical, in spite of the exceeding simplicity of the design and its inartificial light and shade. Passing by numerous clever small ones, how capital is the freedom and spirit of that on page 163, with the astonished dog and composed raven! And the pictures with less of a story to tell, with only the look of the creatures to record, are the best of all. The flock of birds flying toward us out of the sky on page 81, and the gallant herons on the wing on page 111, are almost as light in the air and as swift in pictured flight as the wonderful birds of the best Japanese designs, from which store-house, indeed, the heron with drooping wing, on page 109, seems to have been immediately drawn. Nearly all the foreign birds of unusual and unfamiliar aspect are well rendered. The puffins, auks, and South American princes of plumage are very successful. It is very probable that some great menagerie like the Jardin des Plantes, and probably the Jardin itself, has furnished the models for these studies.

Within a certain limit, then, these pictures of birds and little animals are good and true. Compared with the greater number of modern illustrations they are good; but it requires only a little study of Japanese work of the best kind to show how far an uncivilized people can go in the same direction; it requires only a few moments over Bewick's partridges and water-birds to remind the student of an excellence which Mr. Giacomelli has not even aimed at. Beauty of plumage, and of soft and variegated surface, he seems not to have noticed, nor are there any distant landscapes or delicate skies here and there introduced in these pictures; all accessory charm is absent; it is only the form and action of the birds that have been felt and reproduced.

But at all events the illustrations are natural, masculine, simple, compared with the book they illustrate. How a man of feeling could live among the birds and study them and not be a little more cheerful about them, we find it difficult to understand. The author is right; there is a world of horrors and cruelties among the creatures who prey upon each other; and he is still right in his rejoicings over the fitness of the birds to encounter each his trial and his task. But there is the "child's voice" of old, the quivering cry of timid anxiety which seems natural to the voice Michelet. "Gleaming solitudes where danger lurks on every side among the most venomous insects, and upon those mournful plants whose very shade kills. . . . The most terrible and fatal of trees, the spectre whose fatal glance seems to freeze your blood for ever, the deadly manchineel. . . . They swim intrepidly on this vast sea of death—this hissing, croaking, crawling sea—on the terrible miasmatic vapors, inhaling and defying them." Apart from all this "The Bird" is not very instructive. It may serve to remind a few thoughtless and unobserving people that there are things worthy thinking of and observing; but smaller things than this big book have been known to do that service, and perhaps as well as the larger.

Every new edition of Gray's *Elegy* is welcome. Let there be at least one such every Christmas. What thanks shall we not give to the publishers who bring it to pass that, in the midst of the bustle of crowding modern books, we have to sit down and read again the old—the young, the immortal *Elegy*? What can we not forgive to the pictures in which the poem is set, and because of which it is again reprinted and again sent to us in its new dress? For the sixteen color-printed pictures in this book are not very valuable aids to our enjoyment of the poem. They are not very accurately adapted to it, and rather obscure than illustrate its beauty. "Yonder ivy,

maunted tower," which we have always supposed the church-tower overlooking the famous "Country Churchyard," appears in this book pictorially as a ruined and roofless castle, with flanking turrets. The "long drawn aisle and fretted vault" are represented not as when filled with the "pealing anthem" which "swells the note of praise," but deserted, except for a genuine English verger victimizing a visitor, and one or two unexplained solitaires in the far distance. Why is it always assumed that "the little tyrant of the fields" means a tyrant of tender years—a little boy resisting gallantly and thrashing a big boy? It is more probable that "little tyrant" is only a "petty tyrant," some squireen of the unamiable kind that in the English country districts especially flourishes.

The landscapes are the worst of the illustrations; the figure subjects with large figures, as notably those illustrating

"Their homely joys and destiny obscure,"

and

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,"

are much better, and in the original drawings must have been very interesting. The block printing is not well done, and the prints are very rough, and of a chopped-straw texture not pleasant to look upon.

The best part of the book, and a feature which gives it value, is the fac-simile of the original manuscript of the poem. A note says: "The manuscript from which the present fac-simile has been made is the only existing draught of the poem, the autograph at Pembroke House, Cambridge, being manifestly a fair copy made by the poet, probably for circulation among his friends. This draught formed a portion of the papers bequeathed by Gray to his friend and biographer, Mason." The fac-simile tells us some interesting things about the poem. It seems that Gray had written

"The rude forefathers of the village sleep,"

when a natural second thought made him alter "village" to "hamlet." And the next stanza began, in continuation of the thought,

"For ever sleep; the breezy call of morn," etc.

There are a great many such discrepancies between the manuscript and the printed versions, and among them appear four stanzas always omitted in printed copies, and known to but few readers. The MS. title is

"Stanzas wrote in a Country Church-Yard."

Mr. Darley's preface announces that the substance of his book is the private letters he wrote from abroad, and that "at the suggestion of a friend" he was induced to use them as a thread on which to hang the illustrations. The apology is called for. Nothing could be more commonplace than the sort of record given of the places visited and the things seen. "We saw the apartments of the Duke and Duchess of Savoy, they are quaint but unfurnished," appears to be all he has to say about the apartments in the Castle of Chillon. "A few days ago we finished Switzerland, having visited many places of interest; among them," etc., etc. "The interior seems to me a little overloaded with ornament and small forms, as well as variety of color, the effect of which destroys the idea of space and simplicity." The author writes as if he had no knowledge whatever of the history of the fine arts or of the principles of artistic criticism. For him a cathedral is "a delicious bit of antiquity," and the Pre-Raphaelites are the painters before Raphael. The only striking sentence in the whole book is a remark on the way one suddenly finds one's self wearied out in looking at great works of art. As for the numerous pictures, there are good heads here and there, as the priest on page 63, the painter on page 83, the waiter on page 184, and, on page 98, the gentleman called by Thackeray's Chawls "Sawedwaddltnbulwig." The bits of incident are often amusing in subject, but nearly always spoiled by excessive mannerism. The drawings of architecture, ruins, streets, and the like, are nearly always very slight and valueless.

Some gift-books are valuable not only in themselves, strictly speaking, but because they bring before the people once again and in a new dress the noble poems which people ought to be incited to read. This remark is only to a certain extent applicable to books of selections. "Woodside and Seaside"—as a gathering of English woodcuts by many hands, with the addition of a few by Americans, all illustrating a very miscellaneous collection of poems, and the whole not too accurately named by the title of the book—needs whatever apology can be offered for it. Being a gift-book of the most pronounced character, it must show that it is also something more than a gift-book, or else be thrown over the edge of the table into the waste-basket. The woodcuts cannot save it. They belong, indeed, to that class of modern English work which makes our illustrated books less ridiculous than of old, and fills them with kindly and gentle studies of humanity, and re-

spectful, if not loving, renderings of landscape. But they are not very good of their kind, and it is now so easy to get better ones that these are hardly worth mention. Moreover, they are not generally in good condition, but seem to be either fac-similes made here or worn cuts imported; at least, very few of them are good, and none are excellent as woodcuts. We find the excuse for the book's existence in Shelley's hymn or invocation—

"Swiftly walk over the western waves,  
Spirit of Night!"

in Wordsworth's "Skylark" and in Cowper's "The Dog and the Water-Lily" in the first place, and, in the second place, in Dickens's "Ivy Green," not often enough seen out of "Pickwick," and Beaumont and Fletcher's "Folding the Flocks," almost never seen out of their works. As for the Tennyson extracts, one is a little too much a piece of stock poetry, and the other is a bit picked out of a longer poem, a dislocation not to be praised. Except for purposes of singing, we cannot enjoy even

"Hark! hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings,"

or the hymn to Sabrina, separated from their context.

*The Trotting-Horse of America: How to Train and Drive him; with Reminiscences of the Trotting-Turf.* By Hiram Woodruff. (New York: J. B. Ford & Co. 1868.)—He who knows anything of the history of horses in America must have heard of Hiram Woodruff. It was he more than any other man who developed the American horse's surpassing capacity for speed and endurance in harness, and who was not only the trainer and driver of the most distinguished animals, but who is conceded to have held the supremacy in his profession. The record of his experience and suggestions constitutes, therefore, a valuable accession to our knowledge, and will prove to be of standard authority among the most skilful. The graphic style of his descriptions, the vivid pictures he draws of the breeding and education of his favorites, and the reminiscences he recalls of incidents on the turf, form a work of great merit. Nor are the biographies of nearly all the celebrated horses that have appeared in public, "hitched" or under the saddle, for the last thirty years the least attractive feature of this volume.

The author discusses every branch of the horse's education and the reciprocal duties to be performed to him by his master. These branches are numerous, but they cannot be dwelt upon in this place. Some of them inculcate minute directions in regard to feeding, to working, to exposure, to sweating and physic, according to temper, disposition, age, or other circumstances and peculiar character. No definite rules are laid down to govern absolutely in all cases, but maxims are stated which it is well to bear in mind and generally to follow. The most gentle treatment is at all times strenuously recommended; nor is a trainer to be trusted who is not of an amiable disposition. To gain supreme command over the pupil, it is imperative that the teacher have a like command over himself.

Those who are desirous to form an accurate idea of the characteristics of the trotting-horse for their benefit as riders or drivers cannot find any other work in our language so replete with useful information, interesting hints, and readable anecdotes. Hiram Woodruff is now dead, and it will be many a year before we shall look upon his equal in his line of business.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Adams (C. F., Jr.), <i>The Erie Railroad Row</i> , swd.....	(Little, Brown & Co.)
Barton (J.), <i>Comic Recitations</i> .....	(Dick & Fitzgerald)
Blackburn (Rev. W. M.), <i>Geneva's Shield</i> .....	(M. W. Dodd) \$1 25
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